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MADAME ROYALE

*Juste de L'Angoulême*

**P A R I S :**

INCLUDING A

**DESCRIPTION**

OF THE

***PRINCIPAL EDIFICES AND CURIOSITIES***

OF THAT

**METROPOLIS ;**

WITH A

**SKETCH OF THE CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE  
PARISIANS UNDER THE OLD REGIME.**

**BY M. MERCIER.**

**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

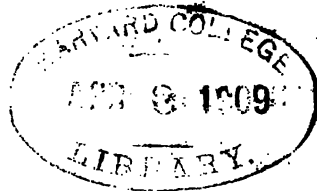
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## PARIS DELINEATED.

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### CHAP. CXVI.

#### GARDEN GROUNDS.

**O**RDER, neatness, and symmetry distinguish the tasteful hand which has laid out these gardens, where an eternal verdure refreshes the eye; there culture is directed by judgment, and utility associated with taste. Esculent plants are here produced in grateful succession, and salads of every season display their tender stalks. These grounds are rented at a hundred crowns the acre. In a period of drought the gardeners are indefatigable in watering the plants, which, while the earth is parched and arid, are constantly moistened with a salutary dew, and even when ungathered prove cooling to the sense by delighting the eye. The gardeners who cultivate these grounds are called *maraichers*. With unwearied diligence they apply the watering pot, whence the crystal-

lized sheaf is every moment dropping on the young plants the treasures of vegetation and the wholesome aliment of man. These plants disposed on baskets in a pyramidal form are conveyed before sunrise, glistening with morning dew, to the markets. There is scarcely a finer garden in the world than that presented in the markets of Paris. The environs of the capital are peopled with these garden grounds, and with agreeable houses differently situated; here are hotels, and even palaces, divided only by a brilliant vegetation, and yet more to vary the coup d'œil, the simple plantations of usefulness are united to the splendid parterres of opulence, from the ostentatious pomp of which the eye reverts with new pleasure to the humble lettuce and the fragrant strawberry.

One quits these gardens, where the melon is inclosed by its bell, and assumes at a distance the appearance of the topaz, to walk in the Champs Elysées, which join the heights of Passy, and the Bois de Boulogne; public gardens extend in succession, and the same attractions are presented on the side of Vincennes. Here the picturesque charms of Meudon invite the loitering step, there the studied elegance of St. Cloud enchants the eye, or the wanderer is bewildered in the charming meanders of the Seine, and finds fascination in every spot. All these extensive and beautiful promenades are constantly open to the public. On work-  
ing

ing days they are solitary, but on Sundays and holidays they are thronged with pretty girls from the capital, and slender damsels from the hamlets, who, after exchanging glances of astonishment, not unmixed with censure, at the appearance and dress of each other, trip on the same lawn, and join their lovers in the middle of the dance; jealousy is awakened and love augmented for the remainder of the week; the third Sunday there results a wedding destined to produce the state a subject whose labour will give subsistence to many others.

In my walks I observe the insipid poplar, which near the city takes place of the round walnut-tree, the robust oak, the philosophic plane, the vigorous elm. At first sight the poplar is not without attractions, but its monotony soon becomes perceptible. I would no longer see the poplar or the lofty elm; I prefer the sycamore or the plane, with alleys somewhat open to those little winding roads, where one is held captive between walls of verdure. I know not why it is so difficult to form an interesting garden; with the spruce flower plots and trim arbour work of some of them I have felt disgusted; that of Marechal Biron, sorry, and truly in the French taste, is of this number. It is not improper to remark, that the poplar and horse chesnut (another species, of which the wood and fruit are good for nothing) have become favourites



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in France. I know no place in the environs of the metropolis to be compared with Chantilly. After thirty visits to this enchanting spot, my admiration is yet unsated; it is here that art and nature harmonise, that they are in perfect unison and sympathy with each other. The proprietor can never have tasted enjoyment equal to mine; he could not experience my surprise; he was prepared for every thing by accounts and expences, whilst I, reckless of his cares, have o'er and o'er enjoyed the beauties of his seat. To extract pleasure from the luxury of princes is one of the rare secrets in the possession of philosophy. The mania for English gardens has punished the financiers (fattened on our riches) by achieving their ruin. Unable to vindicate or commiserate them, we have seen those guilty treasures escape from their hands, which should have descended to their posterity. Oh! had their ambition been limited to garden grounds, esculent plants, and fruit trees, their names would not have been involved in disgrace; they would have known and used the good gifts of nature; they would have forborne to torture her with extraordinary efforts of art, which have deprived them of their wealth and the earth of her fecundity. Alas! why are those Marais, those gardens so dear to unsophisticated taste, pulverized to make room for the scandalous edifices of pride and libertinism.

## CHAP. CXVII.

## THE TWO CREBILLONS.

WHEN I was nineteen, the reputation of the tragic poet Crebillon had attained its zenith. Voltaire was opposed to him. The public seeking a rival for every illustrious man, balances one genius against another, and thus detaches from it the over preponderating weight of esteem. I remember the time when the nation in general had advanced so little in letters, that nothing was heard of but Racine and Corneille, Crebillon and Voltaire. I was young, and but half tinctured with the universal prepossession. In these boasted tragic authors I found an uniformity, a constraint, an oppression, a monotonous form, a false taste ungrateful to my mind, which was already enamoured of bold and irregular beauties. The perusal of the Abbe Prevost's romances afforded me more gratification than whole *tomes* of modern tragedies. I was induced by his fame to pay a visit to the old Crebillon ; he lived at the Marais, Rue des Douze Portes. I had no sooner knocked at the door than the barking notes of fifteen or twenty dogs met my ear, and I had scarcely passed the threshold ere these canine sentinels surrounded, and with open mouth escorted me to the poet's chamber: the walls of this apartment were bare,  
of

of which a truckle bed, two stools, and seven or eight mutilated, ruinous arm-chairs, composed all its furniture. The first object that arrested my attention was a female figure, about four feet in height, and three in breadth, who was sunk in a neighbouring closet. The dogs were in possession of the arm-chairs, and growled in concert, whilst the old man, his breast bare, his head and legs uncovered, was quietly smoking a pipe. His eyes were large and blue, he had a few white locks, and his physiognomy was full of expression. Having with some difficulty silenced the dogs, and with the argument of a whip induced them to cede me an arm-chair, he took his pipe from his mouth as if to accost me, replaced it, and continued smoking with a delight which was strongly reflected on his characteristic countenance. During a considerable interval of distraction, his eyes were rivetted on the floor. At length the poet laid down his pipe, and we entered into a desultory conversation. I asked when his *Cromwell* would be finished? It is not begun, answered he. I entreated him to recite some verses, and he promised to satisfy me after another pipe. The woman, who was the poet's mistress, now entered on her bent legs. She had the longest nose and the most fiery malicious eyes I ever beheld. The dogs respectfully resigned her an arm-chair, and she seated herself opposite me. The poet, having laid  
down

down his second pipe, repeated some very obscure verses from I know not what romantic tragedy, which he had composed, and was reciting by memory. There were in his verses some imprecations against the gods, and yet more against kings, whom he did not love. He appeared to me to be a good-natured man, extremely absent, taciturn, and fond of reverie. Having ended his recitation, the poet resumed his pipe, whilst I chatted with his mistress. I endeavoured to discover which were her legs. Those of the bard were naked, like the nervous limbs of an athlete, who reposes after wrestling on the arena. I rose, the dogs rose also, barked again, and accompanied me to the street door; they were gently reprimanded by the poet, whose tenderness was perceptible even in his reproofs. I took occasion to tell him that Euripides was also fond of dogs, and that he would assuredly attain the age of Sophocles. He was so well pleased with my remark (being then eighty-six) that he presented me with a card, on which, in very fine characters, was inscribed his name, and which was to be my passport of admittance to one of his tragedies—but Voltaire took care they should be so seldom performed, that I had to wait nine months ere I could make use of my privilege. Of this delay I had been apprized by the old bard, who scrupled not to attribute it to the contrivance of his rival, calling him, in a

tone of kindness peculiar to himself, the wickedest man in the world. Two or three years after I became acquainted with Crebillon, the son: he was shaped like a poplar, tall and slender, and formed a striking contrast with the robust frame and open chest of the tragedist. Never had two relatives less resemblance to each other; in Crebillon, the son, politeness, amenity, and grace were happily united; a vein of sarcasm ran through his conversation, but his severity was confined to literary pedants and the enemies of the public: he had seen the world, knew women as well as they could be known, and loved somewhat more than he esteemed them; he regretted the era of the regency as the epoch of good morals compared with the morals of the present day. Our literary sentiments were in perfect unison. He one day acknowledged in confidence, that he had yet to read some of his father's tragedies. French tragedy was, in his opinion, the most complete farce ever invented by the human mind. He laughed at the tears excited by certain theatrical productions, and at the public, which in all the monarchs of the stage still saw only the monarch of Versailles. The part of the captain of the guards, who was alternately faithful and perfidious, according to the poet's fancy, afforded him the highest entertainment; he learnt the name of the person to whom this part was destined, and he became

became his stage favourite—a janissary one day, the deposer of Tarquin the Proud the next, the connecting pin of all the various denouements, he overthrew in one year more thrones than there were guards in his train, and destroyed tyrants thrice a week with admirable precision. Crebillon admired his step, his attitude, his obsequious stateliness. Whether royalist or republican, he followed every order of the day with a philosophical indifference, which blunted not the edge of his sabre. Crebillon, the son, was censeur royal, and censeur of the police; he had to inspect new bridges, and verses printed on loose sheets—of these the quantity was truly terrible, the heroics came in showers; but never did Crebillon keep in expectation an author, even though he should have been a ballad-maker to the Pont Neuf, as his door was daily opened to a crowd of versifiers and embryo authors. He one morning said to me, stay with me till noon, the hour at which poets bring me their manuscripts. I took my seat, and in a short time the bell is rung. Crebillon opens the door, and an author full of spirit and gaiety enters, introduces himself and his business with tolerable grace, talks fluently, takes his chair, and draws from his pocket a manuscript without the least symptom of embarrassment. Conversation begins, and our author says sprightly things. “What is your country,” asks Crebillon? “The environs of Toulouse,”

Toulouse," replies the author. "Very well, leave me your manuscripts, and the day after to-morrow the licence shall be ready." No sooner had the author withdrawn, than Crebillon said to me, "You have heard this young man speak; he talks fluently, and has some pretensions to wit: will you bet with me that his work is absolutely without either rhyme or reason?" "Whence this precipitate judgment?" "You will know. Let us read." In reality the piece offered to inspection was destitute of common sense. We had scarcely pronounced its condemnation than the bell announced a new visitor. Crebillon re-opens the door, and admits a young man, who, stammering and stumbling with all the awkwardness of clownish bashfulness, approaches, with some difficulty, extracts the manuscript from his pocket, but in presenting it unfortunately drops his hat and cane, and whilst eagerly looking for his parasol as if it had been stolen, scratches my leg with his sword. After many painful efforts he articulates, "I entreat you, Sir, to be expeditious: I have heard you are very obliging." Crebillon receives the paper with his wonted affability, and repeats the interrogation, "Whence come you?" "From the environs of Rouen." In three days your manuscript shall be licensed." Crebillon re-conducts the lounging son of the North, and restores to him his parasol, but the door is not large enough for the poet; he

he makes a false step on the landing place, and falls at the first stair. "What a lout!" cried I. "And he writes well," rejoined Crebillon. "You have seen, you have heard, or rather not heard him. Will you bet with me that his work possesses merit?" "You know him then." "Not more than the other. Let us read." The Norman's manuscript evinced beauties of style and imagery which entitled it to no contemptible degree of praise. As I remained in astonishment at the spirit of divination manifested by our censor, he said, "The experience of several years has demonstrated to me, that of twenty authors who arrive from the South of France, nineteen are execrable, and that of the same number arriving from the North, there are at least ten who possess the germ of talent and the capabilities of excellence: the worst verses are composed at Bourdeaux and Nimes, the latitude of flat versifiers: these writers have in general empty heads, whilst those of the North have sense and an innate genius, which only demand culture to deserve esteem." I have frequently had occasion to apply the observation of Crebillon the censor, and have almost always found it just. Southern heads, (with the exception of a few individuals) appear not to have been organized for writing—they are defective in logic. The works of Crebillon form a fine and minute anatomy of the human heart and sentiments, particularly of such as influence women, whose first attribute it is to know nothing  
of



of their own, though they easily penetrate the hearts, at least the characters, of men. Crebillon, the son, had made himself intimately acquainted with their natures; he was a painter, and his pencil loses none of its strength and boldness by being eminently distinguished for its delicacy.

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## CHAP. CXVIII.

### HOTEL DES MENUS.

**T**HIS hotel, vulgarly called the King's Privy Purse, the deposit of all the machines and habits used in fêtes, is the image of Chaos, in which are heaped up the fragments of funeral decorations with those of a ball-room. These scattered materials, in order to be readjusted, cost as much as new ones. The opera girls, provided they have *protectors*, find here satin and other stuffs, of which they can never get enough. When a table is cleared, the valets resign themselves to waste and prodigality. The sight of the remains of a court fête is afflictive to a good citizen, who appreciates time and money.

Here is a school for declamation, in which young disputants exercise their powers under the auspices of some comedians, assuming the title of professors. When a fire happens in a royal magazine the public mind is little interested; when the flames threaten the destruction of this hotel it is otherwise.

otherwise. The Capuchin fathers have signalized their zeal to snatch from perdition the theatrical riches of the three spectacles; one of them, muffled up in a casque, has been seen bearing a scimeter under his arm, and holding in his hand the ring of Medea; another had thrown across his shoulders the satin under-petticoats of the actresses, and the wand of Mercury happily contrasted with his beard and capuchin; another, his hands armed with the rays of the sun's chariot, was enveloped in the habit of a Druid; those sacred hands, which for the first time came into contact with profane objects, verified the adage that necessity has no law. It is ludicrous to see Capuchins charged with the immodest ruins of theatrical decoration, embracing in their flight voluptuous busts, and lending aid to all the gods and goddesses of paganism. It is no less remarkable in the history of Capuchins, that several of them have at different periods fallen victims to the conflagration of an opera house. How singular is their destiny! to be burnt alive in the very place against which their anathemas were once directed. Since the conflagration of the opera house, every theatre has been furnished with pumps and reservoirs; the sound of a bell is the signal of danger. A mischievous wag once pulled the bell in the middle of a tragic piece; in a moment the stage was inundated, the performers drenched, the audience bathed—murmurs

murs arose, but no complaint could be alleged against the proof of punctuality, however unwelcome the effects with which it was attended.

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## CHAP. CXIX.

### ENIGMA.

**R**EADER, guess this enigma—five feet in length, four in width, thirty-five in height—well—this bit of ground nets per annum four thousand-eight-hundred livres. What fruit does it produce? None—yet an immense field, well cultivated, is less productive. Such were my reflections as I sat stifled in an opera box. Lengthen this box—it will bring as much again. Calculate the contents of a given space that is called the opera, the French theatre, the Italian theatre, you will have a product of several millions. How much does the histrionic race cost the people? how much money for leaps, tunes, and gambols? When one rents the fourth of a box, the turn arrives every four days. There are but seven days in the week; from hence the computation of women. They should accustom themselves to know that at the end of twenty-eight days every thing recommences in the former order. Such is the solar cycle of the theatre. Apparently this knowledge might be attained

attained with ease; but no useful knowledge takes root in the mind of Parisian belles; they know neither the names of the streets, nor of the months, days, nor years; like mirrors, they lose the appearance of objects the moment they cease to be opposite to them. Who would imagine that these beings direct and govern every thing? On issuing from the theatres we must pass a crowd of lacquies bearing torches and flambeaux; the wax drops on your clothes; perruques and hair are in danger; the equipage departs; two domestics spring up behind, each holding a flambeau, and shaking it through the street over the foot passengers: some one, deafened with the noise of the carriage, escapes the wheel, but perceives not that his coat is burning. Lanterns substituted for these flambeaus would be less likely to endanger men and houses. In agitating their flambeaux, these domestics sneer, and deliberately scatter sparks of fire on all sides. I one day perceived, at some distance, an equipage with its panting coursers, its blazing torches, and valets scattering sparks on the hapless race of mortals; it was the equipage of a prelate, and my imagination pictured to me the flaming chariot of fanaticism flying with lighted firebrands to the celebration of an *auto de fé*. Alas! it was the most humane, the most tolerant of prelates; but why then should these sanguinary flambeaux illumine the cross on his

his breast? At such a sight it was impossible not to recal the discords of religion and the fatal piles raised by sacerdotal hands.

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## CHAP. CXX.

### THE SALE OF PICTURES.

I ENTER a hall, in which, by the light of wax tapers, pictures are knocked down to the highest bidder. Eight, ten thousand francs strike my ear, and for what? a coloured canvas!—Is it folly, infatuation, or the ostentation of wealth, which knows not how to dispose of gold? I recal these words of Moses, “Thou shalt not make any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.” When Moses thus interdicted every representation of created things, it is probable he perceived the inanity and impotence of art, and was anxious to prevent the laborious unavailing struggle between her cold pencil and the sublime touch of divine nature. This presumptuous art is surely most remote from national felicity, physical accommodation, or the exquisite and permanent enjoyments of the soul. The generality of men comprehend not the merit of certain pictures; one must learn to see these pretended *chefs d'œuvre*, which are for the most part

part blackened by the hand of time, or by the lustre of the sun; to an untutored eye they are nothing but obscurity: thus does the knowledge of pictures become no less difficult than painting itself. Contemplate next those brokers! eternal disputants, according to the thermometer of whose avidity the original sinks to the copy, or the copy rises to the original—deceived themselves at first, they become the most intrepid liars, the most notorious rogues of the city. Nothing shews the limits of the human hand like this aspiring art, which is ever outrun by sentiment, and to the energy of which it answers not. The man of feeling is always mournfully undeceived by the pencil, which produces none of the illusions calculated to move or elevate the soul. Poetry and music absorb the mind; the effect of painting is passive; the mania of applying the pencil or the brush to a crowd of objects, either useless or indifferent, degrades the art, by confounding it with the meanest material things. What, I would ask, is the excellence of those little things which are everywhere seen, everywhere remembered; an excellence to be discerned and appreciated only by a circumscribed number of besotted amateurs! So much labour devoted to a perishable cloth, commonly concentrated in the cabinet of some jealous possessor, some exclusive proprietor, renders this art, in my opinion, productive of despair to the artist, and of selfish enjoyment to the arro-

giant son of opulence. When we rise from the great festival of nature, when, long familiar with the strong majestic images ever present at her theatre, we have seized the passions in their living look; can we fix our view on these tame local imitations, so inferior to the great model of which this reminds us, and whose beauties are not to be translated? Considered under this view painting is an audacious folly, and the more we have genius and sensibility, the more shall we condemn the rash enterprizes of a frigid limited art. What! would you attempt to paint the sun, the ocean, the look of love, the irritated eye of a father, the head of a Fenelon—extravagance! Independently of this, how difficult is it to pass the line of mediocrity! to inspire the pleasure of surprise you must excel. This art deceives its pupils. There are so many moderate men, who consume in it a whole laborious life, absolutely lost to noble, interesting, or useful occupations, that I look on painting as the first link in pernicious disastrous luxury, the luxury which it most particularly imports us to suppress. Among the principal heads of accusation against this art may be mentioned the enormous expence attending it. The cabinets of sovereigns, always imperfect, exhaust their prodigality, fools are ruined in imitating them, and all the money thus lavished on painted canvas, which the tooth of time corrodes or discolours, is deducted

deducted from employments more dignified and important. I may be mistaken, but it appears to me, that this factitious taste accustoms the eye to false and arbitrary imitations. Every school of painting has its appropriate style of drawing and colouring, its peculiar manner, which determines every connoisseur to adopt a different fashion of judging. Thus, in the imitation of nature, which is above all things immutable, certain conventional ideas become necessary, and it is reserved for an eye familiar to the style of the school to seize what the artist has traced after some particular individual. If, added to the inanity of the art, you consider that painters flatter the corrupt taste of the wealthy, that their conceptions are equally repugnant to morals and policy, you will see that for one truly heroic action that painting illustrates, she gives the apotheosis of a multitude of vices: by her the scenes of libertinism are re-produced under a variety of forms; from her despotism receives the attribute of greatness, the thunder of the divinity; by her the monstrosities of paganism are everywhere reverberated, every where scattered. The representation of iniquity is not good; time would have effaced the image of these abominations; the pencil revives them: other pictures are so destitute of interest, that they speak to the eye as an harpsichord would speak of colours. I would, I confess, dis-



possess this frivolous and ruinous art of the lofty rank it has obtained, or rather usurped. Incapable as it is of putting into motion the latent sensibilities of our souls, and annexed as it has long been to an irrational ungenerous luxury, a man's whole existence is often sacrificed to it with no other satisfaction than that of having gratified the mania of some avaricious collector. The imagination of man must, I repeat, always exceed the most happy delineations. The capacity of seeing nature with sentiment, should reject the *idea* of pictures. Money, and an eye the most correct, are requisite to the enjoyment of a vague uncertain shadow, whilst the mind's own feelings suffice for the perception and relish of the reality. The frame of the great picture of nature is immense; why should its dimensions be reduced? but the unfortunate pencil distrusts nothing; it has attempted to seize even the lineaments of the divinity, who defies all conception, and of whom the universe itself is not even the shadow!

## CHAP. CXXI.

## ARCHITECTURE.

OUR architecture has not that character of the great so general in Italy, but, like the character of the nation, is airy and graceful, and if the architect displays some majestic parts, he is careful, by the elegance of his ornaments, to soften them down to French taste. I infinitely prefer the Gothic architecture; it is at once substantial and light. Where is there a finer monument than the Arrow of Strasburg? what mingled boldness and airiness! Strong sensations are excited by that architecture which impresses the imagination; but how monotonous is the genius of our architects! how they live on copies, on perpetual repetitions: they cannot construct the smallest edifice without columns, always columns, so that monuments have no distinctive character left; they all, more or less, resemble temples. The Italian theatre has a portico on the same model with the stately church of St. Genevieve. The school for surgery has majestic columns concealing a narrow amphitheatre, in which a dead body is dissected. This absurdity is the more reprehensible, as the edifice was undertaken for the sake of the

the amphitheatre, the principal having by an unpardonable oversight become the accessory, and the columns superseded the building. This luxury is unreasonable, destitute of taste, unnaturalizes all the objects of public institutions, and costs immense sums uselessly employed. No longer is a public work to be undertaken; the architect comes with his columns, and puts a speedy end to the beneficent enterprize. Would it not be an act of equal wisdom and humanity to banish those architects, who unprofitably exhaust the quarries, and dissipate treasures in constructing aerial abodes more inviting to swallows than men? At their mandate the private gentleman becomes a projector, column is added to column, and the simple peasant, mistaking his house for a temple, prostrates himself at the door, looking wishfully for the holy water pot. By this mischievous taste has ruin been brought on many individuals, who wished but for a house, and who have been presented with these fantastic fabrics instead of human habitations. Madame Thellusson's house is a spiral shell, only fit to lodge a snail, for so predominant is the circular line that the head turns round in it. The architect is brimful of the beauties of Rome, and would lodge a bourgeois like one of the ancient Cæsars, whilst the poor Parisian is forced to sacrifice his estate to the empty gratification of calling himself master of a splendid

a splendid mansion. Alas! the price of those pompous revolting monuments, which wound the feelings of good citizens, the price of the muraille might have raised from the earth four hospitals, the sanctuaries of religion and humanity, where honour and worship would have been rendered to God, by ministering comfort, and holding out protection to men. The state has not a more dangerous subject than the architect, possessed with the true architectural mania. Kings have no greater enemies, and the monarch, who would be the friend of his people, should consider them as the dilapidators of the royal treasures. It was the architects of Louis XIV. who destroyed his glory. A lover of antiquity is shocked in reading that the Arabs have demolished the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and that they mutilate trunks of columns in order to convert them into mill-stones. The philosopher prefers the mill-stone to the column; nor will it appear to him an object of great importance whether the ruins are suffered to remain in whole or detached pieces.

## CHAP. CXXII.

## ENGRAVING.

**I**N our days a ridiculous abuse has been made of engraving, which, when coloured, is particularly suitable to the purposes of astronomy and geography, but in historical subjects is utterly misplaced. It was once suggested that the Roman history should be put into rondeaus; nor was this hopeful scheme more whimsical than that of making the historical achievements of France and England, the battle of Solbigne, and the embarkation of the Duke of Normandy, subjects of engraving. All new books are surcharged with engravings; plates have been made for the four heroics of M. Blin. This incision of copper engages a crowd of useless artists, who waste their life and patience on objects indifferent or useless. We engrave the head of King Dagobert, funeral decorations, ball rooms; the rage for engraving even extends to giving insipid views of a little French garden, a bridge, a quay, a street—what minutiae! a paltry pamphlet is accompanied by a yet more paltry engraving: the style may be bungling and meagre; the design of the engraver is yet more coarse: next come the portraits, everywhere multiplied with a barbarous vanity. What need we the physiognomy of subaltern

tern personages? The disfigured portraits of princes and sovereigns are surrounded by those of licentious subjects, presenting scenes of libertinism. Desruets and Lescombats are placed between two saints: the versifying Abbé de Lille is the only one who has gained by being engraven surrounded with Virgilian attributes: this perpetual and pitiful translation of all pictures and faces spreads through houses a tedious monotony, one being the counterpart of the other. We have already condemned painting, but the character of engraving is so frigid and puerile, that we cannot but deplore the waste of time and labour in its flimsy repetitions.

Paris might furnish a regiment of hands employed in straining aquafortis, and in managing the graver; the booksellers may be entitled print merchants; the author speculates how, in giving so much to the engraver, he may gain so much more by the engravings. Sometimes works the most useful and important are retarded because the engraver has not finished some vain superfluous ornaments. If Milton had composed his poem at Paris, the printer would have importuned the poet to wait, in order that all the angels, devils, and celestial artillery, might be engraven previous to its publication.

## CHAP. CXXIII.

## GRATUITOUS SCHOOL OF DRAWING.

**I** CONTEMPLATE it with regret, as destined to multiply the useless artisans of a ruinous luxury. It will produce bad designers, worse painters, engravers, and goldsmiths, who transfer to our tables figures formerly applied solely to our great monuments. Architects inundate the world with their destructive mania, and seem with emulous zeal to say, who will be ruined? behold we are ready. What is the pencil in the hands of a child? is it the pledge of subsistence? No one talks but of the edifices of luxury, and a regiment of crayon draftsmen are destined to the work of futile embellishment. The splendid protection accorded to talents of a frivolous, if not a dangerous cast, is a public calamity. Such children as appear to possess a robust constitution are made draftsmen! ah, rather restore them to those mechanic arts by which they are claimed—wrest not from agriculture the sinewy arm given by nature for its support. What folly to have the heads of Raphael copied by every young beginner! Would you form a republic of painters? The prominent defect in the education of the people is, that children are taught but one thing; arts merely ornamental are subdivided

subdivided into five or six separate branches, in which different persons are engaged ; each serves apprenticeship to only one of these ; to that one his whole life is necessarily dedicated. A gauze manufacturer can only fabricate gauze, a button-maker can make but a button ; a change of fashion renders the knowledge of thousands of workmen useless. These gratuitous schools teach but one thing ; they narrow the sphere of industry instead of extending it. How many of the unfortunate scholars will be in a situation to pursue the career on which they have entered ? None — unless furnished by some fortunate chance with the means. A multitude of young people are then sacrificed to the paltry glory of having formed a senseless establishment, useless at best, and to the fortune of some professors, who would earn their appointments more meritoriously by walking the streets from morning to night, doing nothing. Shall rational creatures depend for subsistence on so poor a trade ? shall a wave worker for thirty years draw lines on a box or gold watch ? shall it be the utmost reach of one man to polish a jewel, and of another to gild it ? are these the limits of their intelligence ? Behold the boasted products of the arts of luxury, to which gratuitous schools are open, because the superintendants of them are amply pensioned in proportion as their instructions are futile.

The



The whole globe produces no penury more terrible than is the portion of subaltern artisans, who, but from the relief obtained from charity, would not by their daily labours procure a maintenance for their families. Be it then our task ever strenuously to oppose the gratuitous school of drawing; nor could a philosophical work deserve better of mankind than by exposing and reprobating painting, engraving, architecture, colouring, sculpture, those arts so cherished and so pernicious, so flattering to the vanity of the great, so fatal to the welfare of the many, so attractive to the eye, and so destructive to the lively enjoyments of the soul.

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## CHAP. CXXIV.

### WATERS OF THE SEINE.

**I**T has somewhere been observed, that providence places fine rivers in the middle of great cities. The first founders of Paris were happily inspired so to build, that the Seine should divide Paris into two parts. The salubrity of its water is equally evident from chemical experiments, and the experience of several ages; it unites every desirable quality; it is only necessary to beware of drawing it too near the banks, and those who drink it should give it time to deposit its sediment.

ment in an earthen vessel, by which simple means it will become perfectly pure and refined. It is an error current in the provinces, to attribute to the Seine an insalubrity productive of diarrhœa. Chemistry, which is calculated to correct our ideas, assures us, that the water of the Seine, though muddy and ungrateful to the eye, is preferable to some transparent waters, which conceal heterogeneous matter under an agreeable exterior. The Seine is preferable, as running water, to all the limpid streams issuing from Helvetic rocks, since it is not always the clearest water which is the most wholesome. Water should never stand in lead or copper vessels. Large wooden casks, equipped with pump-suckers and leathern pipes, convey this water into the faux-bourgs and adjacent villages. The water thus agitated is in reality more salubrious than that which passes through pipes of metal. In spite of the large river, some fountains, two fire-pumps, a great number of water-carriers, and ambulatory hogsheads, the capital is not yet watered; the old project of bringing water from Ivelti is about to be realized, and it appears to be preferable to the fire-pumps, which have not given complete satisfaction to the Parisians.

## CHAP. CXXV.

## IRONY

**I**S the soul of our conversation: it was anciently a fine and delicate raillery, which Socrates managed with address; in our time, having taken a less happy turn, irony has lost its peculiar character; it should be light and keen, and is then an admirable substitute for serious criticism.

Irony must be kept distinct from criticism and satire; it must not be carried too far, it then becomes an insult. Gacon said of M. de la Motte, that he resembled Homer, whom he would fain have imitated, only in his blindness—this was scurrility. It is vulgar to rest the irony on names, and there is something puerile and illiberal in attaching ridicule to a person for his trade or profession. I have somewhere read that Louis XIV. was very reserved, and that he never used irony; one day, however, he happened to say to a gentleman, the point of whose sword sliding from its scabbard scratched his leg, “Your sword never “did harm but to me;” the gentleman, frantic at this irony, instantly drew his sword, and plunging it into his bosom, replied, “it shall do me more “harm than you, Sir”—this was truly tragic. The Prince de Condé’s maitre d’hotel, who killed himself at Chantilly because the fish was not brought,

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was scarcely a greater madman. Irony is a weapon to be wielded with exquisite address; the moment it is struck with a heavy hand its edge is lost.

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CHAP. CXXVI.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF AGRICULTURE.

**I**F instead of instituting the French academy, which during a whole century has only destroyed original and vigorous genius, attenuated the language, and fomented jealousy among men of letters, an agricultural society had been created, we should have been advanced in the great art which regulates the productions of the earth, and by fruitful labours brings forth at once the wealth of kingdoms, the comforts of life, and the happiness of man. The soil of France has been dishonoured and impoverished by the prejudices of ignorance; experimental agriculture was neglected, and the practice of husbandry abandoned to the mechanical operations of ignorant men; the luxury of words was exhausted before any useful end was in view. Whilst Apollo and his lyre, with the muses, were all by turns cherished and caressed, the good housewife Ceres, with her fair sheaves, was forgotten; her turn is now come: the coalition of several intelligent

ligent and zealous cultivators, and the application of their genius to rural economy, have effected happy revolutions which promise new productions. To feed and clothe twenty-six millions of human beings is an object infinitely more noble than providing them with tragedies and operas, verses and songs: the commencement was nevertheless made with songs and verses; the heroic ballad had precedence of the animated rustic song of the labourers and their holiday dances. By what fatal error was the first of arts so long neglected? A plant, of which the nature has been studied, which is cherished and propagated, is a subject no less interesting than the Iliad of Homer. A single plant well cultivated nourishes animals, removes want, combats the scourges of nature, and averts the visitation of providence: the proudest manufactures are but the foliage of the humble vegetable. Among the noblest conquests may be ranked the culture of turnips, potatoes, maize, and wild beet root; among the destruction of baneful prejudices may be included the suppression of fallow grounds; so popular is agriculture become in a short interval, the lessons of experience are widely communicated and disseminated, the science is no longer a mystery, every one is liberal of his discoveries, every one is anxious to transfer to his neighbour the fruits of his own experience; a singing, dancing, versifying nation, is become  
agricultural

agricultural, and, heaven be thanked, a good root is esteemed more than a fine poet. The society holds its sittings in an apartment in the Hotel de Ville of Paris ; from this centre it scatters information, and invites agriculturists of every description to the mutual exchange of theories and facts, which may best contribute to the general good. We are here at the fountain head of public felicity ; we may root up the vices of our soil, create a new one, cover it with new riches, and offer to heaven those peaceful domestic virtues which attend on rural labours. In future treaties, the political felicity of nations must be written with the harrow, the rake, and the plough : sovereigns will no longer wrestle against their subjects ; the functions of monarchs will be performed with gaiety ; the labour of the field will establish, throughout France, a frugal table, affording the sweetest butter, the most nutritious milk, whilst the animals offer the finest national clothing. Plains laughing with plenty, hillocks shining with their useful ornaments, sands proud of their newly acquired fecundity, in short, the blessings of ever teeming abundance, shall be the compact of peace between the sovereign and the subject ; for it is in countries animated by agriculture, that political vices become extinct. Rural economy will convince the barbarous seigneurs of their true interests, and gradually erase those shameful vestiges of feudalism which ruin the

proprietor. Such are the benefits resulting from the royal agricultural society, whose illustrious labours will cover the fertile fields with wealth: By fertile fields are the storms of discord and sedition silenced; the repose of the country assures the repose of the state. M. Broussonet, who is yet young, is the secretary of this respectable society; it is delightful to observe the simplicity of his manners, and the perspicuity of his style, without pomp or pretension, corresponding so perfectly with the precepts of rural economy; and this amiable concordance of the writer with the unsophisticated spirit of the cultivator, pleases, interests, and lends a new charm to agricultural science.

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## CHAP. CXXVII.

### POULAILLER.

**I**T is maintained by the admirers of the age of Louis XIV. and of that celebrated sovereign, the great actor of majesty, that degeneracy is in our time become universal; that it extends not only to heroes but to robbers; that it would be as difficult to discover a Nivet and a Cartouche as a Racine or Corneille; that, in short, great banditti have disappeared with great writers, paltry thieves, dexterous rascals, and subaltern sharpers, having

having taken place of those formidable chieftains who once awed the police and defied its activity. Renown spread the name of Cartouche, he was the terror of the capital. Is Poulaillet to be compared with him? did he, like Cartouche, prolong a difficult existence? did he boldly profess theft year after year, sometimes in cities, sometimes in forests, incessantly eluding the Argus's by whom he was environed? No—his career was arrested in its first onset, and he owes his glory to the exaggerations of fear and credulity. He was far inferior to those brigands of Louis XIV. who, born with a decided love of guilt, and participating the energy of the period, combated the police and *marechaussé*: every thing then visibly declines, and the robbers of our day have as little genius as the authors. It cannot be denied that Poulaillet was a different brigand from Cartouche; the former however disseminated fear through the environs of Paris, and obtained a renown, transient it is true, but extensive. He had committed some robberies; all the robberies of a course of years were ascribed to him; he was even charged with every atrocity and every assassination, and this simple robber, who was but one degree above a pickpocket, was represented as a sanguinary monster, though he had never attempted the life of a fellow-creature. What an immense distance is there between a robber and an assassin! The terror associated with



the name of Poulailier vanished when he was known to be only a robber, without accomplices, who, if he had ever eluded a prison, owed his success to the awkwardness of the turnkey. Alternately a servant, a shoemaker, a horse merchant, he changed his calling as necessity dictated. His name will not admit of a parallel with that of Cartouche, which universally prevailed, and was the rallying point of a host of malefactors. Nivet had a greater character than Cartouche; he was even animated with an energy of a wholly different nature, as the following instance will demonstrate: this robber-assassin was condemned to the wheel, his accomplices were numerous, but being considered pre-eminent in guilt, he was sentenced to be executed the last. Mounting the scaffold he beheld his comrade bent on the wheel, and heard his cries of desperation: Nivet, after a pause, said to him, "Peace, "knew you not that we were subject to one disease "more than other men?" At this sentence I shudder, nor dare I analyse its import. Poulailier had two or three accomplices who were merely his receivers. The solitary robber is yet within our remembrance. It is impossible to withhold a certain degree of esteem from his consummate prudence. The solitary robber corrupted the heart and exposed the person of none in his nocturnal expeditions; the dangers and successes were his own. With no guide but his genius he singly dared

dared the shades of midnight, and as he confided but to his own hand the execution of the plans conceived by his intrepid spirit, he alone enjoyed the booty. He was seen at noon taking up the leads from the roof of a chapel in the parish of St. Sulpice ; the church-wardens passing by said, that is done by order of the curate ; the curate in his turn said, it is by order of the church-wardens, —what discerning audacity ! At night he struck his blow in safety, fearing neither traitors nor informers.

Turenne was one night stopped in the environs of Paris by some robbers, who demanded his money, watch, and jewels ; he reclaimed a ring, not for its intrinsic value, but for having been the gift of a woman he loved ; he offered the robbers a hundred louis for the preservation of the cherished trinket ; the proposition was accepted, and the next day one of them, attended by a numerous company, presented himself at the viscount's house, demanding the performance of his promise. Turenne asked him to follow him, counted down the sum, and politely reconducted him to his companions. This robber had a just conception of the character of Turenne. In my opinion, a compact of this nature should be sacred ; ideas of justice and fidelity may be thus awakened in the breasts of malefactors ; the life of a generous man may, under similar circumstances, be preserved, and, assuredly, every

promise not repugnant to the laws should be inviolable. After the battle of Culloden, in 1745, the pretender took refuge with two robbers by profession, who honourably resisted the temptation held out to them by thirty thousand pounds, the price set on his head: some years after one of them was hanged for a theft of thirty-six crowns. Sovereigns—know and appreciate men!

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## CHAP. CXXVIII.

## FONTAINEBLEAU.

**T**HIS residence has been a favourite with many of our kings; the excursions formerly made hither from the court have been for some time interrupted, a circumstance extremely gratifying to the bourgeois of the place, who used to be saved the expence of house-rent, by letting their apartments during the six weeks in which the king staid here. This city, which languishes in the absence of the court, is sometimes in a tumultuous agitation, and sometimes in an absolute calm: the royal chase torments the echoes of the forest, which resumes its silence on the monarch's departure. It was at Fontainebleau, in the stag gallery, that the jealous Christina, queen of Sweden, condemned her equerry to assassination, after

after having granted him a confessor. That our ancestors were highly gratified by the licentious exhibitions of paintings and sculpture is apparent from several pictures and statues, over which decency must throw a veil. The excursions to Fontainebleau have frequently been the epochs of ministerial revolutions. Fontenelle, when almost an hundred, said, "If I can reach the time of strawberries, I may yet live another year." A minister who had passed the month of November might flatter himself with the hope of living another year. The dangerous periodical fever overtook Fontenelle at the end of autumn. Compeigne is abandoned in spite of its agreeable situation, its new edifices, its new garden, and the extent of its forests: it is supplanted by Rambouillet, a place particularly favourable to hunting, from the beautiful forest with which it is surrounded. The new edifices will give the chateau a new appearance; for a description of it we must wait till the plan shall be entirely developed.

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## CHAP. CXXIX,

SAINT GERMAIN EN LAYE.

**T**HE retreat of James the Second, king of England, dethroned, and compelled to abandon his kingdom, living on the munificence of Louis XIV. and on a pension of 70,000 livres from

from his daughter Mary, queen of England, who had stripped him of his crown; the retreat also of the bourgeois of Paris, who, having grown to a certain size of wealth by commerce, in due season transplant themselves from Paris to this city, where they vegetate the remainder of their existence—eating, drinking, walking, playing at tennis, and newsmongering. As there are in the capital, a number of whimsical posts and crown rents, they confer the happiness of an idle subsistence on a crowd of little bourgeois, who can conceive nothing more delightful than having nothing to do. These concentrate at St. Germain, because it is still a city, and because they wish not to live in the country. Whence arises their repugnance? they would there meet with humiliation from a petty nobility full of arrogance; they dread the rude overseers who would make them pay the land-tax, and compel their children to draw for the militia. The bourgeois of Paris, instead of purchasing a small estate, satisfies himself with an apartment, and a garden for herbs; towards Easter he returns to the city lest he should forfeit the title of citizen. So far is he from wishing to acquire the name of *countryman*, that he calls to his aid every possible exemption which can distinguish him from the class of cultivators; he becomes not familiar with the rake or plough; he is apprehensive of becoming subject to the charges which oppress agriculture; hence great proprietors have such ample scope

man plants that do to day what they did yesterday. It is true, they ambulate, they digest, they lean on a cane, they utter some sounds, they handle cards—vegetation pursues its course—winter concentrates them in hot stoves till the resuscitation of spring—these plants have stockings, breeches, a coat, and waistcoat. Modern botanists, tell me under what class to arrange these ambulatory plants, whose summit is crowned with a round half powdered periwig.

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## CHAP. CXXX.

## OYSTERS.

WHEN Paris, in the succession of ages, shall be rased and utterly destroyed, future naturalists, discovering on a little narrow point of land an immense quantity of oyster-shells, will maintain that the sea has once covered that spot; and thus will matter be furnished for such visionary dissertations as M. Bailly has already given the public. Oysters are brought from the different coasts of Normandy. It is dangerous to eat them at Paris before the frost. The taste of amateurs is extorted. The desire of forestalling enhances the value of every article; hence with other monopolies there is a monopoly of oysters.

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In opening them, the oyster-woman brings in her apron a fourth of fresh and empty shells, and mingling them with the others, counts them out to her customer, persuading him that he has swallowed them. The oyster-woman is furnished with a short knife; the celerity and adroitness of her wrist is unequalled; one might suppose the oyster-shells to be slightly glewed together, for she detaches them with a single touch. Under the pretext of swallowing the suspected ones, she boldly eats before you the fattest and most relishing. With a bandeau over her eyes, this fat fish-woman would animate the well-known emblem of justice. She removes the shells, and forms of them an enormous heap: I have measured five or six which were twelve feet in height, of a pyramidal form. I revert to you, future naturalists; will you, when this city shall be no more, imagine such oyster gluttons to have existed? No—you will rather imagine a system. Crebillon, the son, ate in my presence a hundred dozen without bursting; he drank warm milk, whilst I swallowed champagne; he offered me his milk, I presented him my bottle; we disputed warmly on digestion—he was right and I was wrong—milk is the true solvent of oysters, Shells form an excellent manure, and hence become more precious than the fish they inclose. The banks of the sea should be brought to Paris, not more for the sake of gluttons than for the trees and vegetables of our plains; nor would this be attended

tended with difficulty if we were not required to purchase, at an enormous price, a crowd of little pleasures established by custom and the reigning manners. Eight young people having calculated how much it would cost them to eat their fill of choice oysters, conceived the design of travelling post to the spot where their appetite could be satiated, and they found they had saved by their journey. Delicious as is a good oyster, a stale one becomes poison; those which are cried through the streets in the month of October should be rejected, but after that period they afford a wholesome and nutritive food. The ingenuity of the goldsmith has invented peculiar forks for eating oysters; they are accompanied by the small round knife, proper to detach them from the shell. These silver playthings throw the pretty women into ecstasies, who now love oysters to excess for the pleasure of having the small knife and the pretty fork. The Romans were acquainted with the method of preserving oysters, but Apicius, who had suggested it, reserved it to himself; by his contrivance oysters arrived perfectly fresh to Trajan in the distant region of Parthia.



## CHAP. CXXXI.

## THE PROCESSION OF GALLEY SLAVES.

THESE unfortunate wretches depart twice a year, on the 25th of May, and the 10th of September. The galley slaves are detained at the castle of Tournelle till their departure for Toulon, Brest, and Marseilles. Here then may we contemplate the ferocious beings who once disturbed the peace of society, and whose audacity has not yet been subdued by chastisement; they have prostituted the energies of their souls; born robust, their strength was turned against their fellow citizens. Approach, physiognomists, and see whether their aspects bore not the presage of guilt. The absence of virtue has given to their features harshness; turpitude of conduct disfigures and debases man. On the day of their departure, the galley slaves are placed in long carriages, a single chain binds and rivets them all to the ambulatory chariot: in this manner eight of the *marechausse* conduct a hundred and twenty malefactors, who implore the aid of those fellow-creatures towards whom they have been violent and unjust. I know not whether I can translate the language of the countenance, but there appears to me a ray of joy on the greater part of their faces; their last sentence was that of mercy; they issue from their  
prisons

prisons singing, yet scarcely comprehending how their existence could be preserved after passing before so many tribunals; for this favour they are indebted to the humanity of the magistrate, and the tones that meet my ear somewhat resemble tones of gratitude! Benignant philosophy, it is thou who hast taught magistrates to be sparing of blood. An emotion of terror seizes me on finding myself surrounded by wretches to whom the laws were not sacred; those arms, now loaded with irons, might have attacked me in the forest, and the mercy so lately extended to them I might have implored in vain. The scourges of many provinces are here united, but no longer able to injure, they supplicate. What is the nature of man? shall moral life revive in these reprobates? shall sorrow break these atrocious spirits? shall they be regenerated by penitence? I would fain ascertain which is the most guilty or the most innocent; I would discover why, how, and in what degree they have mistaken virtue? Is there in these, as in many other individuals, an equal proportion of virtue and vice? Human laws are but little discriminative, and to what point is the moral perfection of society attainable? But how am I shocked when among these criminals I observe a hoary head!—Alas! few are the days he has to live—is he a hardened transgressor, who had his whole life evaded the justice of men, or is he an ill-fated being who lapsed at the close of his career, and who,

who, resuming the passions of youth, has lived one day too long! The most interesting physiognomy is that of an unhappy man precipitated to destruction for a partridge, a few ounces of tobacco, or a few pounds of salt; for with us, christians as we are, the laws of finance are held inviolably sacred, and it is known that a partridge or a rabbit is of more value than a man, though that man should be the father of a numerous family. I know not whom most among these galley slaves to pity or condemn. I pity all—I interpret all their gestures, I anticipate their looks and the imperceptible motion of their lips. Human laws, have ye been too severe or too lenient? Sometimes I condemn my pity, and sometimes I yield to its impulses. I must fly; the clamours of the suppliant pursue me; I quit, never more to behold them till at the last audit, before the Judge of Judges. I will gratify my heart by repeating, that of a hundred criminals led to the gallies, thirty at least owe the mitigation of their punishment to the humanity of the magistrates—these magistrates date from our days—fearless of prevarication they divest the law of its cruelty. To spare the culprit a violent death, to re-establish the proportion between crimes and penalties, to weigh the circumstances which may deduct from the punishment, these are the objects to which they apply with equal wisdom and humanity; they obey the spirit of the law, which wills not the torture of any part of society,

society, but the well being of the whole. The time may perhaps arrive when the necessity of depriving of existence a man convicted only of robbery may be less apparent, and when the life of a citizen may be held more precious than the gold now so universally idolized, and to which so many victims are immolated.

A chastisement proportioned to the offence would probably be more impressive, the penalty of death not having diminished the number of larcenies; nor is it improbable that assassination, the too frequent attendant on robbery, would disappear when the criminal had no longer a motive to add murder to plunder in the too well grounded apprehension of preserving an accuser.

*Il épargnoit un homme, il égorge un témoin*, the man he'd spare, the witness he destroys: this verse is worth a treatise. Perhaps this revolution in our criminal jurisprudence might be effected at the present period, when it is known that capital punishments fail to render man more virtuous, and that *morals* operate with more power than *laws*; but if the assassin is judged worthy of death, it is otherwise with the mere robber. All are originally derived from that class which is destitute of necessities; they are surrounded by the superfluities of the pitiless sons of prosperity; inflamed with the galling sight, cupidity becomes violent, and they yield to its influence. It is from our barbarian ancestry that we derive the custom  
of

of punishing with loss of life the taking of a few pieces of money. The Greeks, Romans, and the Jews, punished robbers only with temporary chastisements, whilst we, infected with the most cruel avarice, strangle men for the sake of preserving our gold in greater security. The opinion of Montesquieu is, that the thief should be hanged; he announces it, not indeed in formal terms, only to deceive the delicacy of his ear, which revolted at so harsh a word, he has finely disguised it, by observing it is necessary that corporal chastisement should supply the place of pecuniary penalties, since there are some wholly destitute of property, who commit depredations with more eagerness than others; but is there then only one kind of corporal punishment? is the rope the only alternative?

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## CHAP. CXXXII.

## CHRISTIANITY.

**A**T the name of Jesus I have ever bowed with respect. From the time of Clovis the religion of Jesus has reigned in France, and triumphs in the capital of the first empire in the world. Five hundred edifices raise into the clouds his sacred cross, the sign universally revered; it reposes on the breast of the sovereign, the pontiff,

the warrior; every knee pays it homage. This sign precedes or accompanies all the solemn acts, and all the common decencies of life; the innocent beauty wears it at her neck; infancy is adorned with it; the interior of our houses is embellished with it in wood, silver, and on the canvas. The first act of life is baptism: on our entrance into this world the christian religion welcomes us to her bosom. In early youth, when the tide of passion bears away our fragile bark, religion flies to aid us in wrestling against the tempest, and offers herself as a steady pilot to guide us to the peaceful haven; it is she who presides at the most interesting act of life, and ensures to us the possession of the cherished object of our souls; it is she that softens our pains, that fortifies our yielding spirits, pours the balm of consolation on our woes, enables us to endure wrongs, and yet more engages us to forgive them; it is she that receives our last sigh, assists at the last sad rites which are paid our memory, that consigns our remains to the tomb, and, as if all these offices of kindness were insufficient, ascends to heaven, interceding for us with divine mercy. In its origin, christianity was a return to the first principles of truth; it was the aggregate of supernatural motives to the observance of morality in all its purity. The world was subject to Rome; the people, in a state of tumultuous anarchy, were tossed from a Tiberius to a Caligula, from a Claudius to a Nero. The  
christian

christian faith became universal, and formed between active and civilized nations a moral link, which had the most powerful influence on their political relations. Christian nations advanced in the arts with nearly equal steps, whilst all around them sunk in obscurity. Christianity was formerly a great republic, the several parts of which coalesced at the call of necessity in more than one bond of union. It was the religion of Jesus that constituted the greatest happiness of the earth, so long as it was an object of reverence, and unpolluted by the passions of man; it repelled slavery from the nations by whom it was cherished; it bore consolation to the unhappy people condemned to suffer for the errors of their kings. The faith of the gospel still prevails; impiety has not yet triumphed; the gospel rejects the subtilities of human policy—and what a sublime doctrine was that of Jesus? all the great truths of nature are there developed and established; all those of which man was ignorant, or on which he could only build conjecture, and which it was of importance to him to know, are announced; the worship prescribed is worthy of the God who is its object, the worship of the heart and soul. The first commandment is the love of God, the second is charity; these precepts, founded on the nature of man, are easily conceived and practised. Jesus demands no harsh austerities, no revolting superstition, no absurd ecstasies. Christianity, though it directs our views

to another life, exacts the performance of no duty which is not calculated to secure our welfare in *this*; and if pure morality is the germ of all good institutions, what system is so well adapted as that of Jesus to the preservation of the mutual interests of the prince and his people? The morality of Jesus!—his life was extraordinary; in his character all is pacific, gentle, and beneficial; in his discourses all is great, wise, and impressive; he is the august founder of the conciliatory spirit of religion; it was he who said to violence, thou shalt not accomplish that which is to be accomplished by gentleness; in his actions appears the most perfect virtue, in his words the most finished wisdom. Let us recal some of the features in his character: charity full of compassion, actuated by compassion. I have compassion on the multitude, and if I send them away fasting, they will faint by the way—unsolicited charity!—Wilt thou be made whole? he says to the sick of the palsy, and instantly he was cured; to another he says, my son, be of good cheer. He sheds tears at the grave of Lazarus, honouring his friend and humanity; he pardons the adulterous woman; he prays for his enemies. Christianity would be an incomparable basis for a political constitution; no act of precipitation or severity occurs in the life of Jesus; he seems to say to the masters of the earth, be gentle with men if you would that they should obey you. A truly christian monarch



narch will always be the best of monarchs. Are not the virtues of St. Louis still venerated? If his zeal was mistaken, his laws breathed the beneficence of that source whence they emanated. To be a christian, is to respect the blood, the lives, and liberty of men; to endure injuries without revenging them. In defiance of the attacks of infidelity the religion of Jesus still triumphs, the wicked only are its foes. Voltaire bore a personal enmity to Jesus—and why? he was a madman, his ruling passion was pride, and he conceived the name which filled the universe to have been stolen from his reputation; but *his name* will perish, whilst that ever sacred name, adored in every quarter of the globe, will be the eternal pledge of charity, goodness, humility; the earnest of those virtues which refine and fit us for immortality. Christianity is a compendium of the noblest precepts and examples, and by the divine goodness reigns in a city visibly protected by its particular providence. It is the morality of Jesus, which, living in souls aspiring to heaven, establishes a kind of equality in favour of the poor, by affording constant exercise to an unwearied, inexhaustible charity; it is the morality of Jesus which supports this political colossus, and presents a barrier to its total dissoluteness and corruption.

## CHAP. CXXXIII.

## ALMS.

**N**EVER did any age witness greater charity and beneficence than the present, never was bounty scattered with a more liberal hand, never was humanity exercised with more constancy and consideration. For the word beneficence let us substitute charity, which is susceptible of a more noble as well as more comprehensive signification; it is the love of the creature as the work of the Creator; it indicates a combination of adoration, respect, and tenderness: happy he who gives his alms under the eye of God, and comforts his neighbour as his brother. Charity, next to the name of God, is the word to be held sacred. It is the part of charity to emblazon the virtues that retire from view. It is not enough to do well, it is necessary that good deeds should be published, in order to shame those who do them not.

The true greatness of man has its seat in the heart, and never is he so great as when he is exercising the benevolent feelings of his nature. Never was charity more active than in later times; the unfortunate of every class have received consolation in their abodes of obscurity, and from beings from whom it was least expected, from young and charming women, who came to give full scope to their

their sensibility, and who gloried in consecrating their influence to the relief of the wretched. It is not the spirit of cavil which has given birth to these active virtues, but that of charity! they have been fostered by philosophy, which is akin to charity; not yet like her celestial, but advancing in the march of heaven, gradually becoming worthy of the pure eye of divinity. To our ancestors this prompt and efficient beneficence, which combats the miseries of human nature, and counteracts the pressure of calamity, was unknown. The feeling compassionate Parisian is continually, in every sense of the word, an almsgiver, and it is grateful to me to render him this tribute of acknowledgment. O charity! by thee is this mighty, this incomprehensible city upheld; by thee is supplied the remedy for its complicated evils. In the unexampled distress produced by the memorable hail storm on the 13th of July, 1788, even the theatres were emulous in offering their receipts to the unfortunate cultivators; the amount of private contributions astonished those who were most disposed to think highly of man. A church box at St. Roch presented 13,000 livres. What influence would be possessed by a political administration which simply appealed to the goodness of the Parisian heart—morality of Jesus, be it thine to preside over the government of a christian empire!

There

There are two paltry and pernicious verses which have been applauded in a new comedy :

On ne sait ce que c'est de payer ses dettes,  
Et de sa bienfaisance on complit les gazettes.

The gazettes teem with the beneficence of those who cannot pay their debts. Alms is the first debt, though it dispenses not with others. To attach ridicule to the publicity of certain acts of beneficence, betrays total ignorance of the morality of men and the power of example; and poets who are merely comic are truly dangerous to the nation.

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#### CHAP. CXXXIV.

##### INCONSISTENCIES.

ON what principle are children taught at the same time mythology and the catechism? from the school-master they learn that Jupiter is a god, from the priest that he is a devil. As a scholar, the boy is exhorted to obtain the first place in the college—as a christian, he is admonished to be humble. Solicitude for pre-eminence is the germ of many baneful vices. The emulation of children is excited, and with it the irritation of self-love; their pride is drawn forth and cherished; a child is invested with authority, and with the title

title of emperor—the emperor is whipped. How dare we strike children when christianity forbids it? Montaigne was instructed without corporal chastisement in the paternal mansion—the whip and ferula begin to be proscribed in colleges, because the public voice reprobates the indecent barbarity; but colleges are yet frequented, because education is given in them gratuitously, and time only is lost. It is of the utmost importance that youth should be well treated. I apprehend every villain to have been miserable in his infancy. Would I form an opinion of the character of a man or woman, I observe their children; if they have an air of timidity and constraint, I say to myself, the parents are wicked; if the children wear the countenance of peace and hilarity, I hesitate not to announce the father and mother good. Colleges now serve only to make poetasters. Those young people, pale, thoughtful, and jealous, who aspire to a prize from the university, are accustomed to consider the success of their unfortunate compositions as subjects of the utmost importance, and hence becoming envious and pedantic, concentrate all knowledge in the arrangement of syllables, experience the torments of jealousy under the guise of emulation, foster vanity in the form of ambition, and acquire the characteristic littleness of petty academies. Let the colleges be closed, there is a sufficient number of books and teachers  
for

for the propagation of the Greek and Latin languages, and the radical vices inherent in these public institutions overbalance the trifling advantages they possess. For the French and belle lettre academies, they are already fallen, the futility and poverty of their taste, their little rivalries, their pedantry, their inutility, have already drawn on them the contempt of discerning minds. Men and books are now the only essentials to education; academies and academicians are restraints on the great and beautiful; the monarch who should dismiss them, would approve himself the best friend of genius and literature. Let us observe that the academies of science, the agricultural societies, the assemblies of naturalists and physicians, are as zealously to be supported as the others are to be repressed. To vanquish the silence of nature, examine her under all her phases and relations, a combination of talents, of experience, of characters, is requisite; but for works of imagination it is well to stand alone, like Homer, Tasso, Shakspeare, Pope, Jean Jaques Rousseau, who were, I apprehend, members of no boastful academy.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CXXXV.

PALAIS-ROYAL.

A N unique point on the globe—visit London, Amsterdam, Madrid, Vienna, you will see nothing similar to it. A prisoner might there beguile the sense of captivity, unmindful of his liberty, till after the lapse of several years. It is precisely the spot which Plato would have assigned the captive, in order to retain him without a jailor, and without violence, by the voluntary chains of pleasure; it is called the capital of Paris, and the commodities of the whole world are found there. A young man of twenty, with fifty thousand livres per annum, will be unable to quit this fairy scene; he will become a Rinaldo in the palace of Armida, and if the Italian hero lost in the bewitching labyrinths of the enchantress his time and almost his glory, our young man will also here lose his honour, and perhaps his fortune; here alone will he feel enjoyment; other scenes will appear tasteless and insipid. This enchanting abode is a small luxurious city inclosed within a greater; it is the temple of voluptuousness, in which every thing respires delight, and where dazzling vices have banished every vestige of modesty. Whatever the heart can wish, or fancy suggest, is here realized. The

serious

serious and the gay, the learned and the frivolous will here recognize the objects of their pursuit. Physiologists, poets, chemists, anatomists, linguists, read their courses. Women, who have renounced the pedantic gravity which distinguished the dames of the old hotel Rambouillet, sport with the sciences, which serve them for playthings, and amuse them as much as their spaniel or parrot. There are almost every where clubs in which music and instruction alternately preside. This word brings to my mind some ideas which I am desirous of introducing here, though at the risk of making a digression. Reader, I will presently restore you to the Palais-Royal. The taste for circles, unknown to our forefathers, and copied from the English, begins to acquire naturalization at Paris: in these assemblies, a sort of compact is formed between amusement and instruction; history, physiology, and poetry join hands; it is a kind of academy composed of people of every situation, in which the taste for the arts and sciences forms a happy combination which should contribute to their progress. Oh! blessed period, I recal it with transport, when the muses constituted our sole delight, and when in varied conversations we communicated our ideas to five or six friends. We sought truth with the most lively desire of knowing it, and loved wisdom for her own sake. Never did emulation degenerate into jealousy, never did philosophy evaporate

in



in rhapsody. Subjects were canvassed without that precipitation which stifles ideas in their birth. Liberty of speech frequently gave our expressions a new and singular turn, which in our guileless debates awakened the heart-felt laugh in all its *naïveté*. It was here I began to avow my heterodoxy in certain literary dogmas. I had wished to read several of those so vaunted writers, but they had displeased me. I scrupled not to acknowledge my literary paradoxes, and those who strove to make me *their* convert frequently became *mine*. I know no pleasure more exquisite than that of conversing freely with men who comprehend in half a word, and perceive with half a glance, and with whom a multiplicity of objects converge in one focus. Often, when a question seemed exhausted, we were equally charmed and surprised at discovering new proofs of a truth which appeared at first to have a feeble degree of probability. It is inconceivable how much this exercise contributes to the formation of a penetrating mind. The flux and reflux of ideas in perpetual conflict produce associations that were least suspected, and the lively percussions of thought in an animated conversation throw out coruscations of resplendent lustre. To those who have thus enjoyed the feast of reason the monotonous circle of common men is utterly distasteful; not hearing, or disdaining the stupid language there spoken, one maintains

maintains a scornful or discontented silence. I am not unjust enough to imagine that in the capital alone good conversation is to be heard, that the sun of science rises but for Paris, and that the provincial cities enjoy only the feeble light of some wandering stars; it is however true, that the human mind is there agitated by a greater diversity of objects, and is there conscious of more varied and more vigorous capacities; its ideas are more vivid, more fertile, because they are there awakened and appreciated by a constant succession of events, by the collision of opinions the most opposite, and by the combination of characters the most eccentric. In the provinces there reigns a kind of uniform equality, similar to the peaceful course of a river; the capital is a tempestuous ocean, every day uplifted by the winds blowing on it in different directions. The academicians of the Louvre have the modesty to reserve to themselves the immortal right of shining in this palace, where they boast of having reared the throne of French literature. These despots have many rebellious subjects, by whom their pretended sovereignty is derided or despised. The love of the arts has ruined several little literary societies, which much more contribute to the exercise of the understanding. With all my antipathy for the letters patent of academic bodies, I feel a decided partiality for literary conferences,

to which admittance is obtainable without the silly ceremonies of grave children, and from which one is not expelled for thinking or writing like the Abbe St. Pierre.

In the capital of the Chinese empire there is a comic fair, which consists of a miniature representation of cities in the space of a quarter of a league; all the trades, hoises, entrances, exits, and even the rogues of them, are imitated by a crowd of actors—one is a merchant, another an artisan—this is a soldier, that an officer—the shops are opened, their contents displayed—purchasers appear—one quarter is for silk; another for cloth, a third for porcelain, a fourth for varnish—clothes, furniture, female ornaments are exhibited, with books for the inquisitive and learned—there are inns and taverns, whence issue hawkers—salesmen pull your sleeve and teaze you to buy, contention ensues, the archers arrest the disputants, who are taken before the judge, and condemned to the bastinado. In executing this pleasant sentence the actor is slightly touched, and the pretended culprit imitates the plaintive cries of a sufferer, to the infinite diversion of the spectators. The pickpocket is not forgotten, he is permitted to exercise his adroitness at the expence of the byestander; the whole city is in short imitated, and the emperor is confounded with his subjects. The idea of this picturesque fair appears so fanciful, that I would fain suggest the introduction of  
a panorama

a panorama of the good city of Paris at Petersburg. It would afford an opportunity of presenting to a great sovereign, and to a nation for whom it would possess the attraction of novelty, the faithful image of a far-famed and far distant capital. Imagine the laughter which would be excited at Moscow, Madrid, and Vienna, by the costume of the Parisians; the confusion of all orders of people; the variety of colours, the immense multitude, would form a scene not unworthy the pen of a new Lucian. Nor should the markets be omitted—what could be more diverting than the sight of those waves of men of all ranks, sizes, and complexions! Conceive a Volanges acting the lieutenant de police, and Dugazou personating the prevot des marchands; other comedians should play the sheriffs, the life guard, the inspector, the commissary, the spy, and if to these were added the embarrassments of the streets, the ludicrous effect would be complete. The fête should close with a somewhat of theatrical spectacle! Paris being under a rainy sky, a copious shower should descend on the people, which would lead to a display of the fiacres; the coachman with grave mustachios should figure with the coachman in a spruce frock; chaises, coaches, carts, and drays might intermingle, and the general confusion or dismay would produce a fund of merriment to the mischief-loving spectators. The Romans had their saturnalia; a fête of a similar nature

nature could not fail to amuse the Parisians, and might eventually correct many of their absurdities. The Palais-Royal is admirably calculated for the scene of action here described : it contains within itself an inexhaustible universe of pleasure and luxury. When Lucullus, the vanquisher of Tigranes and of Mithridates, the conqueror of Pontus and Armenia, the disciple of Epicurus, the imitator of Sardanapalus ; that Lucullus, who in the hall of Apollo welcomed Pompey and Cicero to feasts in which Asiatic luxury was surpassed, though the empire was at his back, the land and water were laid under contribution, yet could not even Lucullus himself have procured his illustrious guests the enjoyments to be purchased by a young modern prodigal in the Palais-Royal, who combines at his splendid table a greater sum of pleasurable sensations than in the most flourishing epoch of Roman greatness had been called into existence.

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## CHAP. CXXXVI.

### PARLIAMENTARISTS.

THE definition given of this word in the dictionary of Richelet, is " He who takes part with the parliament against the court." This definition is not correct ; a person may vote for the

parliament without opposing, or rather because he is *supporting* the court. Never does the monarch receive more obedience than when he acts in concert with his parliaments.

Generally speaking, all Paris is parliamentary ; it perceives the daily benefits flowing from the magistracy, by which justice is distributed. Criminals are punished, sacerdotal despotism repressed, the police administered, and the complaints of the subject borne to the foot of the throne. An immense city has in reality no other organ of communication with the sovereign, and therefore in its parliament beholds magistrates ready to speak in its behalf. As the actor is more popular than the poet, because the public receives its pleasure immediately from the actor, so are the people attached to the parliament, which acts under its own eye, whilst the throne is invisible, or manifested only in rigorous mandates. Hence when the parliament languishes under the displeasure of the sovereign, the people assemble in the palace halls to enquire the cause ; their solicitude is not suspended by the hour of repose, and the court, witnessing this affection, condemns the fifteen-hundred Parisians to sleep near the object of their tenderness. The procureur's benches are their beds, and on this hard couch the friends of the magistracy, inclosed in grates, and guarded by blue and red coats, have sufficient leisure to imbibe the principles of the French  
con-

constitution. A nation requires judges and magistrates—judges and magistrates have everywhere preceded kings. Is not the senate of the nation an integral part of a rational constitution, and manifestly derived from the primitive legislation of the French? Are the ministers and guardians of the law imaginary personages, to be dissipated with a breath of air? The parliament is the sole surviving defender of public liberty, and to its vigilance and courage are we indebted for the preservation of the few rights not wrested from us. In the provinces they have repressed the insolence of intendants and commanders, always inclined to exceed the limits of their authority. Innumerable acts of patriotic courage have rendered these assemblies illustrious. Sovereigns have been restrained by forms they were obliged to respect; and experience has evinced the utility of permanent intermediate bodies, not as an assemblage of registerers, but as magistrates charged by general consent with the maintenance of constitutional harmony. The national will is avowed by the respect and confidence reposed by the citizen in the august court of peers, the ornament and support of the throne. The Grand Seignior, whatever may be his title, is but the first slave in the empire, there being no intermediate body between him and the people; with the least discontent the throne is grasped, and transferred to another. The operation of a counter power is most frequently

useful to the sovereign, by preventing him from blindly destroying his own authority, and even if parliaments were not a remnant of the old constitution, an image of liberty, a pledge of harmony, they would be due to the vows of the national assemblies. Thus insults offered to the majesty of this body are offered to the country, since its members personally irremovable can be legally displaced only by law. How are functions, useful and interesting to all, to be exercised without personal indemnity? French monarchs are assured of obedience in the important operations of peace and war, in the distribution of places, favours, and honours, in every thing which concerns political order, and the preservation of the kingdom. Homage surrounds the throne; why then should not their authority be wisely balanced, since it is often too heavy for their persons, and our property? The organization of a vast empire depends on several internal springs. When the machine goes, admire, but forbear to touch it. You cannot remove or derange a single part without injuring the others. If France has, during so many ages, maintained respectability with its parliaments, is it not obvious that a monarchy, such as ours, is not to be despoiled of these venerable bodies. The dissolution of the monarchy would infallibly be succeeded by anarchy. It is not then without reason, that every man born in the bosom of the capital is and will be parliamentary. The  
parliaments



parliaments are the states general in miniature. When the magistrates are expelled the temple of justice by armed force, they are said to be *returning*, so firmly are the people persuaded of their approaching return. These sentiments are even cherished by the military; and a soldier, who was once caballing at the gates of the palace, which was then deprived of its guardians, said, "I am guarding the sepulchre in expectation of the resurrection."

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## CHAP. CXXXVII.

## HOTEL DE LOUVOIS.

THE Hotel de Louvois occupies a space of considerable extent; it being now on sale, a project has been formed for erecting a street on its site, which opens conveniently for the Rue Sainte Anne. It was here resided the inexorably severe Louvois, the minister who filled Europe with soldiers, and perpetuated through it the clang of arms; with him originated the institution of those bodies of mercenaries, who despoil sovereigns of their treasures, and states of their liberties; who spread devastation on one hand, and sterility on the other; and who, whether in action or at rest, involv'd the most rational and generous schemes of a humane policy in the inefficiency of visionary

visionary chimeras. England alone has escaped their baneful influence. Louvois armed an eighth of Europe against the seven remaining parts of it. It was he who gave existence to those German traffickers in human flesh, those petty butcher princes, continually cultivating the seeds of war, in order to procure themselves the enjoyments of ballets and operas. The primary cause of the disgust conceived by Louis XIV. against Louvois, may be found in the ravages committed in the Palatinate, which had been committed without his knowledge, and of which the enormities were carefully concealed. Louvois seemed grateful to those who had most contributed to them, inso-much that he one day asked M. d'Huxelles, laughing, "How goes your campaign?"—M. d'Huxelles, though a simple lieutenant general, had appropriated to himself eight-hundred thousand livres, and was yet ranked with the more moderate. The king at length took every opportunity to mortify Louvois, constantly deciding in favour of Seignelais, his declared antagonist. Louvois, who was not without irritability of temper, so ill-brooked this change of treatment, that one day, when only the king, and Mad. de Maintenon were present, he threw down the port-folio, accompanying the violent action with words so disrespectful, that Louis, exasperated beyond endurance, seized the tongs, and but for the mediation of Mad. de Maintenon, would have applied them to the minister.

minister. The affair rested here. His majesty withdrew, after speaking low to Mad. de Maintenon.

No sooner was Louvois alone with her, than he declared his resolution of declining attendance in the cabinet, adding, that the king had but to allow him permission to retire to some foreign state. Mad. de Maintenon answered, "that he was mistaken if he thought he should be permitted to retire with the secrets of the state." She was authorized to offer him his choice of continuing his ministerial labours, with a more respectful deportment, or of going the next day to Vincennes. Twenty-four hours were allowed him for deliberation. His choice was to remain in office. It has been advanced in some private anecdotes, that the king sent to Rome to enquire whether it might not be permitted a prince to rid himself by private means of a minister, of whom, for reasons of state, he could not rid himself on the scaffold, and whom, after certain transactions, it was dangerous to have in existence. It is added, that Louvois survived it not long, whence it was inferred that Rome had conceded to the monarch's scruples; but Louis XIV. had not only too much experience in the art of exacting obedience and inflicting punishment to have recurred to means so pusillanimous and base, but Seignelais had for seven or eight months been dead, and the place of Louvois conferred on the Marquis of Barbésceux, his son, which would not have been if Louis had just

just revenged himself on his father by means so unjustifiable; but the circumstance which completely invalidates the tale is, that at this very juncture an enmity subsisted between the courts of Rome and Versailles. The new pontiff was a man of truly christian principles, and it was not without difficulty that Louis had procured the condemnation of the work intituled the *Maximes des Saints*. We relate the anecdote to convince ministers that they ought not to depend on the permanence of favour, and to prove that Louvois, the imperious Louvois, could not survive the opposition or displeasure of the man to whom he owed his unjust power. On the ground of this hotel was established a curious manufactory, where our libraries and silly books were converted into pasteboard: with this solid pasteboard were constructed flying carriages. Delille's *Philosophy of Nature* composed the shaft of a cabriolet, Desormeaux's *History* formed the body; nothing less than one of des Essarts complete was required for the pole; the box was under the voluminous labours of de la Harpe. Heavy as were these authors, they now flew with equal lightness and celerity—hapless paper, these were thy brightest honours!—these thy days of glory! when restored to primitive whiteness, all the absurdities which had stained thy purity were erased. Hapless paper! how much is thy consumption to be deplored in Lute-tia, where thou art profaned by the *Mercury of France*

France and the Almanack of the Muses. Were it not better to retain thy native hue than to be blurred and blotted by a Moreau? At a village in China is practised an art by which the characters, whether written or printed, are obliterated from the paper, which becomes perfectly white. This secret was sometime ago announced at Paris, with what success I know not. Oh! that this mystery of discharging ink was ours\*! then would three-fourths of our folios be transmuted into white leaves; then should we raise an hecatomb to genius, and celebrate the double triumph of sense and virtue.

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## CHAP. CXXXVIII.

### INTERMENTS.

**O**F a hundred persons who die at Paris, sixty expire without leaving a domestic to bury them. There is however, in every street, an old wrinkled female to perform this office, and the sheet wrapped round the corpse of a poor destitute wretch is an object of daily charity. For a bottle of wine the old woman twists it in the worst bit of cloth to be found: nor do those more favoured by fortune experience much better treat-

\* It has since been effected by oxygenated muriatic acid.

ment. The worst sheet in the house is always chosen for the purpose; a servant of the church then nails the defunct between four shabby boards, quavering over the bier a song. Grave ecclesiastics in their surplices bear away the body, singing the same *de profundis* they sung the preceding evening, and which they will sing again on the morrow, while to beguile the time they yawn or chatter through the streets, staring at the pretty grisettes.

The Englishman is always enveloped in a sheet of flannel, and is washed and shaved ere he is committed to the dust; his coffin is covered with cloth, or embellished with white nails. The fields of death, as has been somewhere said, are everywhere the foster parents of the priest; but interments in the large parishes of Paris are beyond measure expensive. It should be the business of economists to lodge in the small ones, by which they might save cent. per cent. In the ticket for the funeral it is stated, that the corpse is to be inhumed in the church; it is, however, only deposited there: the bodies are transported by night to the cemetery. By this wise disposition regard for public health is conciliated with the respect due to the dead; appearances are preserved, and with the air of being interred in the church in one's own parish, one reposes in reality in the country. This expedient is precisely

cisely the reverse of that which the defunct was wont to adopt, when, to escape the impertinence of intruders and parasites, he caused himself to be reported as in the country, remaining in his own house the whole time.

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## CHAP. CXXXIX.

FEMALE AUTHORS.

OUR women have at every period been emulous of forming the *agremens* of society. Why should not wit pass through a pretty mouth? From hence to the cultivation of letters there is but one step. Conversation turning on books and dramatic pieces, women in the soft lap of leisure have said, let us make books. If neither painting, music, nor drawing, is prohibited them, why should they not have access to literature? It would be jealousy the most contemptible in man, to retain woman in the degradation of ignorance; from a being gifted by nature with a lively imagination, what right, what *power* has he to wrest the sacred deposit? But man is made up of incongruities, a compound of pride and meanness, of arrogance and littleness; he dreads every appearance of superiority in woman; he would not that she should enjoy more than one half of her being; her modesty he would cherish, or rather her humility,

humility, and woman having naturally more wit than man, he distrusts the quickness of her perceptions, he trembles at her penetration, lest she should detect his own weaknesses and vices. No sooner does a woman publish, than she arms against her the greater part of her own sex, and almost all the other: accustomed to consider woman as the medium of his selfish enjoyments, man prefers her beauty to her wit, which may be enjoyed by every one; he would allow her just as much of mind as is necessary to appreciate, not to emulate his; he would concede to her a certain portion of talents, in order to raise yet higher his own, and he would lavish on her any indefinite sum of admiration, not interfering with the daily tribute exacted and even extorted by his own vanity. These narrow sentiments, lurking perhaps in the heart of all men, awaken with tenfold force in the mass of men; hence the dramatic productions of women are judged with excessive rigour; one man suffers the lover; this very idea renders the other spectators more severe. Gallantry then presides not at the public tribunal: every man would be the lover, no man the friend; and all men have a secret disposition to depress the woman who aspires to fame. Thus, amidst all the compliments lavished by man on the sex, he dreads the success of a single woman, lest her pride should augment, and with it her contempt of his superiority. Man would absolutely subjugate



gate woman, permitting her celebrity only when announced and confirmed by his voice ; he would have her susceptible but of one enchantment, of that which he can exclusively inspire, and he trembles lest the qualities of the heart should acquire coldness in the intoxication of honour and renown. Again, if women applied to science—but no, they chuse light things—delicacies, sentiments, the native graces of imagination, the delineation of our defects—and all this they do without study, without colleges, without academies : they detect the pedant at the third word he utters, and discover wit in him who maintains a judicious silence ; for this they cannot obtain pardon from the crowd of vulgar minds, who would claim of woman a perpetual acknowledgment of inferiority : but should we not have lost by being deprived of the writings of the faithful disciple of the unfortunate Abelard ? do we not owe gratitude to Laura the lovely mistress of Petrarch ? and are we not gainers by the ingenious Scudéry, the voluptuous Ninon, the learned Christina, the seductive Mancini, the imitably tender Sevigné, the generous Rambouillet, the sarcastic Sablière, the luxurious Ville Dieu, the virtuous Chéron, the wise and reflective Lambert, the amusing Aulnoy, the indefatigable Dacier, the modest Bernard, the sprightly Louvencourt, the scientific Lussan, the amiable Stael, and the immortal Deshoulières ? Is not our literature enriched by  
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the letters on Italy of Madame du Boccage, the romances of Madame Ricoboni, of which the style is so pure ; the works of Madame Sillery, whose every page teems with instruction ; the original compositions of the Countess de Beauharnais, in which wit, sentiment, and the knowledge of mankind are so happily blended ? Must we not admire the bold historic pencil of Mademoiselle Keralio, the elegant imitations of the Baronne de Vase and of Mademoiselle Wouters her sister ? Have we not read with delight the verses of Madame d'Antremont, of Laurencin, of Mademoiselle Gaudin ? Madame Benoit, Madame, d'Aubanton, Madame Monney, Madame d'Ormoy, Madame de Gouges, (who is solely indebted to nature) have given us works abounding in imagination, delicacy, and faithful pictures of our manners. If some luxury is necessary to society, what luxury can be more delightful than the works of a sex whose inmost sentiments and ideas we love to penetrate, and whose minds are probably developed with more freedom in their writings than in their looks or words.

## CHAP. CXL.

## THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THIS is one of the most respectable charities which exist in Paris; it is beneficence enlightened, and daily put in practice: it has been well defined, as the staff of age, the consolation of the widow, the parent of the orphan, and the support of families.

Above fourteen hundred people have received supplies adequate to their various wants; charity has produced here more than mere liberality; it has established order and economy; relief is administered where real misery exists: the succours are regular, the manner of bestowing them, kind and affectionate; in short, it is, in the full sense of the term, a christian establishment. It has all the warmth which religion inspires, and all the discernment which philosophy dictates. It is not one man bestowing a benefaction on another man; it is a society diffusing benefits on many, without partiality, and without solicitation.

This institution cannot be too highly extolled which does so much honour to humanity, and inspires so much gratitude to the author of all good. It is composed of 600 members, all eager for the public welfare: alas! why is the number

of benefactors to the humane so few in so great a kingdom! how much is our government indebted to these generous citizens who prevent the crimes arising from misery and despair!

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## CHAP CXLI.

### LES DEUX BELLES RUES.

THERE is nothing comparable in Europe to the beauty of this majestic and charming street, which unites the place of Louis the XV. to the Place Royal. It is the most brilliant *coup d'œil*; the magnificent assemblage of superb edifices, of gay houses, of *parterres* in the English taste, pavillions *à la Grec*, and of spectacles of every kind!—This street is three miles in length, and affords an uninterrupted walk on both sides, which is ornamented with trees, and above ten thousand people enjoy daily this charming promenade, whilst the middle of the street is crowded with all sorts of elegant equipages. This concourse of moving objects reminds us of perpetual motion; every thing that can contribute to ease and pleasure is here assembled; public fountains to water it, and prevent the dust from annoying the passenger, and to preserve the houses..

On the other side of the town one sees the Boulevards; you walk under trees which form a natural bower; it is also a magnificent street,

and its immense length, its breadth, and its varieties, makes people confess that there is nothing equal to it. From that street you arrive at the Invalids, the Military School, and the Champ de Mars. But to complete those beauties, when shall I see a statue stand in the place of the Bastile, and that dreadful monument of power extinguished for ever? The superb entrance into Paris by the Bridge of Neuilly and the Place of Louis XV. is certainly worthy the capital of France! The quay from Passy to the arsenal brings to the mind the quays of Babylon. All the old obstructions on the bridges are demolished, and nothing now intercepts the sight or obstructs the current of air so necessary and salutary to the health of the inhabitants. The palaces, which rise to the top of Passy, whilst those that border the river under, on the other side, please and astonish. The Champ Elisées and the Tuilleries are now joined to each other, and form only *one* promenade; all these beauties must strike the spectators with admiration.

## CHAP. CXLII.

## MENDICITY.

**W**AR is proclaimed against it from all quarters: for which reason the trade of beggary is no more so gainful as formerly: sloth and idleness are punished because dangerous vices; a beggar becomes first insolent, and next a thief. This is a rapid march, or the march from one to the other is rapid.

It is astonishing that after so many workshops, fabrics, and manufactories for works of every kind; after all the succour held out by *hospitals*\* and such like institutions, there should yet be beggars. It is a shameful profession, that hangs as a dead weight upon society, that cannot be too much hunted out, for from it spring all the disorders that trouble society. A healthy mendicant is a criminal: there is not a man whose duty it is not to work; not one but who can and may work; and whosoever holds out the hand to receive from alms the livelihood he might otherwise earn, would not hesitate much to seize and use the poignard or dagger in facilitating circumstances, or when he could do it with impunity.

\* Hospitals in French idiom are not only for the sick but include every species of poorhouses for old and young, sick or not sick, for all the children of want.

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The unhappiness of the times makes many indigent, but these indigent ones remain attached to the natal soil, and seek in all around them the lawful means of resources.

But the vagabond mendicants multiply themselves in rich or superstitious countries.

It is then a wise severity, which pursues mendicity into its most secret dens and coverts, because beggary is absolutely contrary to the actual and subsisting order of society. To tear this word up by the very roots has put us to the sad necessity of taking some harsh, nay perhaps inhuman measures; but the canker spread, and threatened the tree and all its foliage.

Every one has a right to stop those mendicants that insinuate themselves *into* houses, and to detain them there until the officers of the police shall have been informed of the matter, because that, under pretence of soliciting charity, a mendicant may do much mischief.

If rigour then has been used, and if the vile emissaries that necessity obliges to employ in this kind of civil war, do sometimes make use of craft and stratagem, and, still worse, tender snares to entrap innocence, we condemn the prisoners, and wish them to be severely punished. But the city is purged of mendicants in comparison of the number by whom it was heretofore infested. It is to be hoped that a day will come when the last of this execrable race shall absolutely and

for ever disappear from off the lovely soil of beautiful France.

Made to render happy her numerous inhabitants, mendicity and indigence shall then entirely yield their places up to that poverty, which, active and laborious, alone constitutes the real riches of kingdoms, and which alone merits *all the attention and protection* of wise and well regulated governments; since very differently *interesting for them* is he who *produces* and the epicurean sensualist who only *consumes*.

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## CHAP. CXLIII.

### THE HARP.

**T**HIS instrument, renewed from the ancients, in every art and science *our* masters, whose *accords* so naturally unite with the voice's softest sweetest accents: the very attitude it requires lends a favourable day to the *developement* of all the graces; the head of a beautiful woman then assumes an air of transporting ecstasy, her delicate and supple fingers fly over the cords, and sounds are as if descending from the heavens; a finely turned arm displays itself; an enchanting foot comes forth, and seems to attract every eye. **This** instrument, the rival of the harpsichord, is high in taste, and the predilection of the Queen



has still more contributed to the precedence given to it as well at the court as the city.

We talk not of the *paintings* of paradise, but of the *music* that we shall hear there: and this because the song of melody is more touching to the heart than a gallery of pictures.

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## CHAP CXLIV.

### THE SEDAN CHAIR.

THE Duchess of Nemours was adored in her principality of Neufchatel in Switzerland: every year regularly she went thither from Paris in a sedan chair. Forty bearers or chairmen attended her journey in waggons, and relieved each other alternately, by which means she made every day her twelve or fifteen leagues (about 36 and 45 English miles. It was a little promenade this journey of 130 leagues (390 miles) which became more safe and pleasant than in a post chaise, in going up, descending, or walking near the edges of the precipices which surround those happy countries.

The sedan chair at Paris is only used in the tranquil streets of a few of its suburbs. It is impracticable in the centre of the city, because of the tumult of carriages. The sedan chair seems then less to march than to fly from embarrassments:

barrassments: it is used at Versailles because the streets there are wide and commodious, and in no wise obstructed.

Nothing is to be seen there but duchesses swinging through the avenues of the castle between four pillars of broadest *bases*\*, which come for that very purpose from Auvergne and the Limousin. It is quite the contrary in Paris, where to dare to make use of such a carriage amidst the shock of rolling wheels, one must be either a poor old vapoured lady of threescore and fifteen years old, wrapt up in pinners, or a convalescent suddenly taken with a relapse of sickness.

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## CHAP. CLXV.

### GLUTTON.

**I** HAVE met with a man who insisted to me that the greatest of all pleasures was that of the table. Man, said he, begins by sucking at the breast, nor does he decidedly lose his appetite but when he is dying. It is a pleasure he renews to himself twice or thrice every day.†

\* Alluding to the four legs of the strong made chair carriers, who mostly come from Auvergne and the Limousin.

† Had he lived in England he would have said, four or five times a day, breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, besides *snaps*.

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If this is not for all men a voluptuous gratification, it is that among fifty thousand individuals there is not more than one who *can* enjoy the *blessing of an exquisite cook*.

This man is the slave of his belly, which is already of superior magnitude. How rapturous his joy while savouring such a dish ! he maintains that there is an enormous difference between chewing and swallowing food, and eating. He *eats*, he knows how to eat ; when his cook is ill he runs to the first physician in town, and beseeches him with the most urgent instances to restore to health a man whom he regards as his other self and the happiness of his life.

With acutest perception his palate seizes the refined combinations of viands, even as the ear exercised to music its semi-tones. In fine, he takes glory to himself from his gluttony, and pities from his soul, not those who are hungry, but those who fare not deliciously. (*Good cheer* is rather too coarse a phrase in our modern *bon ton* dialect, though literally the French *bonne chere*.)

It is not appetite that this man obeys ; it is a factitious craving, to which he has given up himself, and this serves in proof of what habit can do, and of the prodigious force of the muscles of the stomach. They make it gain the most astonishing victories, until by losing the battle one day it shall burst with indigestion.

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If he talks to you, he will entertain you with nothing but *turkies* drest with *perigord truffles*, pies of the luscious *turkies livers* of Toulouse, the fresh tunny pies of Toulon, jars of the red footed partridge of Nisæ, the thrushes of Piliviers, and the barbacued heads of the wild boars of Troyes: he neither knows nor makes account of the different provinces but by their poultry, game, or fish. He announces to you that there is coming to him from Strasburgh a carp of the finest size; he will himself go to meet it at the hotel of the stage coaches.

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## CHAP. CXLVI.

### GLUTTON CONTINUED.

AT the Hotel des Diligences, (the general office of the stage coaches at Paris). There, according to him, they ought to double the posts, to bring with swifter speed the *bartavelles* from the mountains, (ask the emigrants our English word for *bartavelles*) the large woodcocks from *Dombes*, and the *virgin cocks* from Cange. Never will he pass through the street St. Honoré without going into the Hotel d'Aligie. There we behold the famous temple of gluttony. Instead of columns, enormous

enormous links of twining *bolognas* announce its entrance, and rough hewn hams, the tapestry of its gates, form themselves into medallions. All the cities of the kingdom, in emulous egestion, each striving to outdo the other, are the tributaries of this succulent storehouse; thither they send the choicest eatables for which they are famous, and which bear the names of the proud cities of these dainty productions. All that greedy, impatient, devouring, squandering sensuality can expect or long for, eat and pay, is to be found there. What a spectacle for a glutton! Every thing, in fine, that can flatter the sensitive gusto is spread forth upon shelves of arrangement. The *piquants* (high relished,) the *saline*, the *salvagine* (or venison *fume*,) the *surels* (or tarts flavoured) are in pots of various sizes *artificially* closed to prevent evaporation. Quails and ortolans are deliciously embalmed in coffins of pastry work. The anchovies and the small salmons, the sausages of Bologna, and the marinated oysters (pickled in a kind of spicy brine) fraternise, while the vases of mustard and the nicest little pickled cucumbers by their names alone arouse the sickly appetite.

There may be bought in the short space of one quarter of an hour, a complete repast all prepared. Ready drest hams of Bayonne, ready drest palates, and tongues of venison, with nothing

thing more to be done to them than to be set upon the table. Nothing is wanting in this place to compose to the very dessert; for you will find here the dates of the Levant, the figs of Marseilles, the princesse almonds, the orange jelly of Malta, and the preserved small Chinese citron. Afterwards you may drink at your choice of the rarest wines and foreign liquors, those of Martinico, and, if you will, of the cream of Mexico, and the *Marasquin* of Zara.

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## CHAP. CXLVII.

### A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

**F**ROM the tower of Notre Dame you behold palaces and hospitals, theatres and prisons, places of amusement and houses of correction, rising in confusion together. How are all these inhabitants to subsist? By what means can we oblige them to sow the ground, and labour for their own maintenance? All the evils of society centre in this city; and yet there is an apparent order over the whole!

On surveying these numerous edifices, and reflecting on this vast population, I pictured to myself the dreadful consequences which would ensue from an earthquake, if ever it should happen here: two minutes would destroy the works of  
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ten centuries—and what would become of the people, at such a moment abandoned to themselves, without guide and without law?

If the magistrates in times of peace are weighed down with the burthen of affairs, if now they find it so difficult to prevent disorders and execute laws, how vain would be their efforts in such a moment!

My imagination reverts to Lisbon, and sees the judge again buried under his tribunal, the priest under his altar, the merchant under his counting-house, and alas! I see men, insensible of the misery of their fellow-creatures, of the judgments of heaven, and their own danger, searching for gold, whilst the earth is still in motion, and plunging themselves in the midst of flames. It is a melancholy fact, that the gallows was obliged to be erected at Lisbon on the very ruins of the houses, to punish crimes committed during the earthquake.

Heaven avert this calamity from Paris! nor permit the human heart to discover its vices! These are the great occasions which unfold the real character, and prove, alas, too clearly, that man is capable of forgetting every good principle; capable of committing every atrocity, when the restraint of law is taken off. Can there remain then any doubt whether laws are a benefit to mankind?

## CHAP. CXLVIII.

## MISERY OF AUTHORS.

THE most deplorable condition is that of cultivating literature without a fortune, and it is the situation of most learned men; they are mostly exposed to want: then follows the eternal conflicts between noble and exalted thoughts and their daily wants; it is a torment insupportable, it soon puts an end to the man *or* his genius. Let him that is not above want beware of trying to found his existence upon his pen; he must have a double portion of virtue to be able to resist the danger and envy which mankind and his own talents will bring upon him; if he does not set a watch on himself, he will become *morose, ill-natured,* and revengeful; and if indeed he has fortitude enough to resist all, and to keep up the dignity a man of letters owes to himself, then indeed he could say to his contemporary, "I have the courage which the love of virtue gives." So could J. J. Rousseau say. There is a vast difference in cultivating literature with five thousand a year, as M. Voltaire enjoyed, and to combat with every pressing want. Voltaire, instead of turning into ridicule the distresses of indigent authors, would have acted more nobly in sparing some of his superfluity in relieving their wants; his *Poor Devil,*

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*Le pauvre Diable*, is a work that will ever reflect dishonour on his feelings. Was it for a man like him to be proud of the gifts of fortune, which chance alone distributes to the fool and to the wise; how many have I known whose modest merit was never discovered till after their death, and who had languished all their life-time in the utmost poverty. I know nothing equal to the miseries of a learned man grown poor in old age, which generally overtakes him before he has thought of providing for it. It is but too common to meet with well instructed sensible men wanting bread in declining years. You who would avoid humiliation and misfortunes, take care not to grow old without laying up *for the future*.

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## CHAP. CXLIX.

### INDECENCY IN CHURCHES.

**I**T is customary for the peasants and the lower class to sing at high mass, or at vespers, without having ever learned it otherwise than by hearing it repeatedly at church on Sundays; but as these words in Latin have no signification annexed to them, they squall as loud as they can to compensate for the tediousness of not understanding their meaning. We do not meet in our temples that decency

cency which characterizes the reformed churches whether it is that the frequent repetition of religious ceremonies renders them too familiar, and diminishes that respect due to them, or; that it is difficult for the Parisians to keep quiet long together, and fix their attention on things above this world, certain it is that they do not shew that piety we meet elsewhere. The predominant character of the young Parisian is an uncommon vivacity and impatience! We go through our churches as we traverse our streets. There is no irreverence in fact, but there is not that respect which is due to the temple where the creature adores his creator. Sermons should never exceed half an hour; it is difficult to keep the attention fixed on a subject longer; and a sermon of that length, full of the duty of every station, is much more likely to do good than a long discourse ever so learned. Some preachers, in hopes of a larger congregation, advertise the day they are to preach; the inferior preachers use no art, they get about twenty sermons by rote, which they accommodate to every occasion.

Our large parishes, where so many masses are said at the same time, cause much confusion, some going by whilst others are at their devotion, and the high mass, which is always sung in the quire—the different *voices*, the *organ*, and the *basoon* counteract the silent piety of those that attend

attend on the other masses; but what captivates most the attention of the lower class, is the ceremonies, the plate that covers the altar, and the rich vestment embroidered with gold and silver, with which the priests are dressed whilst they officiate at high masses.

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## CHAP. CL.

A WOMAN once asked the lieutenant criminal what his place brought him?—"Were you in danger of being hanged," answered he, "what would you give to be saved?" "All my fortune," said the lady. "Judge then of mine," said the judge? Criminalists was a name given to those judges who made it a study to interrogate criminals, and to judge them afterwards with all the severity of the law. Our old criminalists are no more—it is sufficient to look at their pictures, to see they were without pity or mercy. Our magistrates now make it a rule to help weak and guilty humanity, instead of oppressing it. Petty larcenies are now more frequent than cruel robberies. If those small larcenies were punished with death, robberies, and even murders, would become frequent, the rigor of the law is but a feeble barrier

against any crimes. Man grows familiarized even to pain ; his innate pride struggles against those dreadful laws. There ought to be a vast difference with regard to punishments between a crime committed through *necessity* and *hunger*, or the same robbery committed through vice, idleness, or libertinism ; those different degrees of punishment ought to be proportioned to the guilt. This is an improvement our laws want.

A singular case has just now appeared:—a man servant, who had lived with his master fifteen years, stole out of his bureau a thousand pounds in notes, and put in the room of them a note of his, by which he says, “ That his master having generously lent him that sum in consideration of his faithful services, he engages to repay the said sum of a thousand pounds by ten equal payments in ten years.” When the man was taken up and examined, he confessed having the sum, but added, that his master himself had lent it him, and as a proof, he declared that his own note was in his master’s bureau, of which he always kept the key himself, and there it was found.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CLI.

## TITLE OF NOBLESSE.

**A** NEW fanaticism, which has succeeded others as ridiculous. You are asked gravely, if you are of the fourteenth century, and the terms of heraldry are now introduced into our polite conversation. By the account of certain of the ancient noblesse, when the king confers nobility on any one for worthy actions, that new dignity is worth nothing compared to theirs, who owe their name to the same chance conferred on some of their fore-fathers for some worthy deeds they themselves are not capable of performing. In a monarchy it is enough to pay the respect due to the royal family, and a few grandees who belong to it, as monarchy is hereditary ; it would indeed be under a proud aristocracy to be obliged to bow down to nobles, of whom we must guess the names, and the services they rendered to the state. These nobles are the greatest enemies to our government, they are exempted from paying taxes like the people, and claim a number of privileges equally hurtful to the revenue and the liberty of their fellow citizens. Good sense is incompatible with prejudice. When a man expects to be revered for the great actions of his ancestors, when

he will insist on being honoured without having ever done any thing for his country, or the good of mankind it becomes ridiculous; all the nobility may combine together at court, and shut up the avenues of the throne to personal merit as much as they can, yet none but names recorded in history will ever be revered by us. Those, whose noble deeds have merited the honour and the gratitude of their contemporaries, and those alone!

The English, who have also their dukes, marquises, and earls, &c. who equal every other nation, seem to me to have the best notions of nobility. They permit their younger sons to enter into commerce without supposing it derogatory to their birth, and they often make immense fortunes in trade; employ thousands of their fellow-creatures, and distribute affluence to many; and surely this is better than spending the prime of life in soliciting a minister, or being reduced to pay court to his subalterns. The care they take also of the breed of their horses and sheep, instead of impoverishing them as in other countries, increases their wealth and diffuses it over the lower classes.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CLII.

LORD CLIVE.

**I** SAW in Paris that man whose unappeased conscience never ceased tormenting him; in the midst of the greatest luxuries he heard her reproaches. He had acted a great part in Indostan. He had disposed of the throne of the Mogul. He was the richest individual in Europe, yet could not be at peace with himself. The darkness terrified him; the images of the Indians whom he had starved by monopolizing the rice, appeared continually before his affrighted sight. He frequently uttered involuntary groans. The English owe to him Bengal, and the greatest part of their possessions in India. But cannot a man be a warrior and a statesman, without being avaricious and cruel? Lord Clive was both! The thirst of gold stifled in his breast all other considerations. His atrocities committed in India, it is said, were as heinous as those the Spaniards had committed against the Mexicans. He had accumulated several millions, and the India company granted him six thousand pounds a year; but he could enjoy nothing. Was he at the representation of a tragedy, he felt too sensibly the reproaches of the oppressed addressed to the oppressors; if in conversation mention was made of some injustice, some cruelties, he shewed, but too

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visibly,

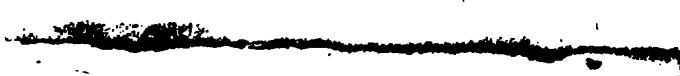
visibly, that it affected him. In the midst of company, at his splendid table, a secret voice never ceased to whisper to his ears, those delicacies are the price of innocent blood. He could not sleep alone in a room, nor even sit in a carriage by himself, sleeping or waking those victims he had sacrificed to his avarice never left him, till he was so thoroughly wearied of his existence, that he put an end to it by cutting his own throat with a razor, leaving to mankind a striking example of the insufficiency of the power of wealth to appease a guilty conscience. And how few, how very few of those over-grown fortunes made in India, bring happiness to those who have acquired them!

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## CHAP. CLIII.

- *L' Auteur, L' Auteur*, THE AUTHOR.

IT is an absurd custom the pit has established to call at the end of a new play for the author; it is illiberal. The pit which arrogates to itself the privilege of judging of every piece that appears on the stage, in this instance instead of being severe becomes tyrannical. The author gives them only his work to judge of, and not the right to examine his person, his dress, his countenance;—frequently at the end of the representation one would think the whole pit is seized with a fit of frenzy, by their  
their





their repeated cries for his appearance, which never ceases till the victim is brought to them at the edge of the stage, but then their applauses become an outrage to his feelings. I wonder any author will have so little respect for himself as to comply with this despotic clamour of the pit ; the public must know that he has a right to refuse the gratification of such brutal curiosity. His works can have nothing to do with his person, it is his verse and his prose they are to decide upon, and not upon himself.

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## CHAP. CLIV.

### TO ADMINISTRATORS OF HOSPITALS.

**B**EING deeply engaged on this subject, and reflecting on the importance of such a trust, such a *sacred trust* as the revenues of the poor, the exact accounts and scrupulous conduct to be observed by a governor who is also treasurer of *our* hospitals, thinking of the tender sensibility which ought to accompany all their actions in the relief of their fellow-creatures ; I insensibly fell into a kind of waking dream, or rather had the following vision :—

I thought I was standing in a dark and solitary wood, the moon was hid by a range of hills, and on a sudden, I heard a deep noise under ground  
which

which terrified me ; the trees of the forest were all agitated without any wind. I looked for the moon and saw it separating itself slowly into two parts, and then falling into *immensity* with the stars, which pale and trembling receded from my sight. A noise of deep-toned bells resounded mournfully, and seemed to express these words, "The end of the world!—the end of the world!" Every one affrighted, confusedly directed their steps here and there without knowing whither to fly! Nothing but deep lamentations were uttered ; some lifted up their eyes towards Heaven, others hid their faces with their hands ; soon after this, the earth removed from under the feet of men, who felt with terror they were sinking with the globe itself into the abyss of dark, deep, immeasurable space. The nations fell on the globe, and melted away like wax before the fire. The forest, the woods, the herbs, and vegetables—*all, all* disappeared ; man was left alone, *poor* and *distressed, destitute, melancholy* ! Of a sudden, by an involuntary motion, they were carried away towards a valley, which was surrounded by thirty volcanos in flames! by the glimmering of the flames every one perceived they were not only stripped of all their former dignities and rank in life ; but even of their apparel ; every child of man was left naked ; *all, all* was past away, suddenly a voice was heard uttering those solemn words:—"The last judgment of the universe !" Every one heard and trembled, some prostrated

can be formed. The greatest evil that can befall a madman is to be surrounded by other mad people, as certainly the *nervous* contagion will affect in time, even those that were not mad before. Dreadful to think on, alas! the causes that affect the intellect are numerous and various. Experience has proved, that the beginning of raving madness is often cured effectually. The class of the melancholy seldom recover; I think that in general societies, one might observe almost *one* out of twenty, whose countenance denounces an unsettled brain.

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## CHAP. CLVI.

*Journal des Modes.*—FASHIONS.

COLBERT, that great minister, said that fashions and its varieties were to France, what the mines of Peru were to Spain. Our *marchandes de modes*, milliners, have in their imagination inexhaustible resources for varying the attire and dresses of women. A journal is now composed on purpose to give a distinct account of those for the court, for Paris, and for the country; those also that are composed for assemblies, the closet, the boudoir, and the easy chair. The *marchandes de modes*, are female artists, and as much above the common milliners as Voltaire is above the

## CHAP. CLV.

*Les Fous.*—MAD PEOPLE.

IF there is a spectacle that more displays the depth of human misery than another, it is madness; to see the social friend with whom we conversed a few days past, suddenly seized by this dreadful malady, not knowing any one, uttering furious, and incorrect sentences, with a head entirely deranged, is dreadful; yet the melancholy madman inspires me with most horror, and his state is more desperate. The Hotel Dieu of Paris, has been very successful in the cure of these disorders; there they treat all sorts of madness and the cures are frequent; mad people ought to have the general pity and assistance of the public. The eastern nations look on a mad person as one that is most favoured of Heaven; in the Valois, in Swizerland, they are treated with the greatest attention; lunacy in those countries seldom amounts to furiousness, and one has nothing to fear from their violence; we are too apt to confound all cases together, the furious and the imbecile are put up in the same ward. Maladies which destroy the reason and not the body, are still little understood; there is no material difference between the brain of a madman and of one that had his senses, when both have been dissected, therefore no just judgment can

can be formed. The greatest evil that can befall a madman is to be surrounded by other mad people, as certainly the *nervous* contagion will affect in time, even those that were not mad before. Dreadful to think on, alas! the causes that affect the intellect are numerous and various. Experience has proved, that the beginning of raving madness is often cured effectually. The class of the melancholy seldom recover; I think that in general societies, one might observe almost *one* out of twenty, whose countenance denounces an unsettled brain.

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the

the common scribbler. The mantua-maker and the stay-makers are workmen to help to raise the elegant edifices; and the *marchande de modes*, in giving the graces, is the architect who decorates and perfectionates the whole. It is a principal branch of commerce, both for home consumption and foreign import.

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## CHAP. CLVII.

### *Du Blanc.*—OF WHITE.

OUR women now wear much white in their dresses, and it is the most *becoming* to them. A woman in white is always well dressed, she resembles the vestals of antiquity, but then the pure white ought to be well preserved, the least spot spoils the whole, and without that brilliancy which strikes the eye, it would be better to wear black, for the vestal degenerates into a slut. Demosthenes, being asked what constituted an orator, answered, "Elocution! Elocution! Elocution!" Another enquired what opened the gates of a besieged town, and was told, *Money! Money! Money!* If any one should wish to know what formed the loveliest ornament of woman, I reply *Neatness! Neatness! Neatness!*

CHAP.

## CHAP. CLVIII.

*Les Quatre Freres.*—THE FOUR BROTHERS.

FOUR brothers, born with different talents, have had the good sense to improve them all; they joined themselves for that great end, to make a brilliant fortune, and succeeded! At their first meeting to settle their plan, the first said to the eldest "You have genius and invention, but not common sense, you will form projects at random; I, to whom Heaven has given prudence, but not genius, will correct and rectify them. As to thee, our youngest brother, thou hast not an idea, but a well-gifted tongue; thou shalt pay constant attendance on the minister; thou shalt lay before him our plan, our projects; for ministers will listen to those that talk well. And as to you, said he to the last, you will be our banker; you have no passions, we have very strong ones, you will be therefore inflexible, and only allow what is necessary for our separate expences. Brothers, our plan thus settled, supported by us four, with constant adherence to it, will be certain of success."

The four brothers, thus subordinate to each other, never deviated from this wise convention; the banker was never more than their cashier; the elegant speaker constantly attended the mini-

ster ; and the man of genius submitted his plans to him who was gifted with good sense and prudence ; thus they succeeded all four. These were the famous *Monmartels*, who accumulated some years ago an immense fortune.

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## CHAP. CLIX.

### HEIGHT OF HOUSES.

**I**T was found absolutely necessary to limit the unmeasured heights of houses in Paris ; they cannot now be raised above seventy feet, and in certain districts the citizens can enjoy neither light nor air. Those who lodge at the top, must daily scale a stair-case which reaches from one end to the other of these immensely high houses ; and those who are at the bottom, are obliged to light candles at twelve o'clock to see their dinner.

This prodigious elevation forms a striking contrast to the narrowness of our streets ; the public roads where carriages occasionally pass, are too wide ; and the streets, where they pass by dozens at once, are so strait that there are continual entanglements.

Le Mont de Pieté has alone the privilege of being exempt from a measured exaltation ; when the neighbours complained of it, and threw in a petition,



petition, it was rejected by the court. Le Mont de Pieté is a bank for usury, and all the pledges of the public being deposited in it, the limits are permitted to remain uncircumscribed.

It is well to have any place where property to the amount of forty millions can be secured; and no idea is more terrible than that of a fire, which might destroy this last resource of the portion of the poor of so populous a city.

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## CHAP. CLX.

### THE UNFORTUNATE LIONNOIS.

**W**E have seen in the Paris Journal, the dreadful accident which happened to this unfortunate young man. We read of one accident when it is too public to be suppressed, but not of numbers which occur daily.

If every one was mentioned in the public papers, with the name of the master of the carriage, and the coachman who had so inhumanly driven over the body of a fellow-creature, it might put a stop to this barbarous fashion of hastening so furiously to and from places of diversion. The shame of beholding their pompous names inserted next that of the miserable victim of their unfeeling inconsideration,

consideration, might effect more than their humanity has yet done.

Alas! why are the poor thus ever sacrificed to the rich! are they not also men! These accidents daily happen on going and returning from the theatres. The master, to exhibit the superiority of his horses, orders his coachman to drive violently, and the coachman, to exhibit his skill, turns the corner of every street with the most fatal rapidity.

We are shocked, and with reason, at the punishment of the wheel, yet every day we behold the great, crushing their fellow-creatures under that of their carriages.

We bestow a medal on those who recover drowned persons; and ought we not to annex a stamp of infamy on men, who doom to death so many of the poor by their wanton folly and vanity?

These abuses of power and wealth are a dishonour to our government, which overlooks them; and to our police, which suffers them to go unpunished.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CLXI.

## THE GOLDSMITH'S QUAY.

**T**HE perfection which our goldsmiths have attained in their art is so well known, that all the jewels of Europe pass through the hands of their workmen; who reside in great numbers upon this quay. As you walk, you see yourself from head to foot in the large silver pieces which line their shops, forming a most brilliant appearance. At these places, the bridegroom always buys a medal, the emblem of the dowry; and the ring, the pledge of fidelity; the day before his marriage, where they are weighed with other trinkets, and charged at a low rate.

It is a woman who sells the jewellery, and always is the patron of her sex on these occasions, for she recommends a variety of little presents for the future bride, of which the lover had never conceived the number or the expence. The common people always purchase a cross of gold, and a large silver goblet; and the little tradesman buys a porringer to serve for the lying-in of his fair bride.

All trades have their particular secrets; the goldsmith abounds in them, and in their different departments leave many fragments of these precious metals.

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What an object of temptation to thieves is this brilliant quay, which, from one end to the other, presents a long string of silver divided into a thousand different pieces, plate, buckles, forks, indeed the detail is immense; yet no robberies are committed here, though a woman sitting quietly in the midst of these treasures, is the only guard by day, but even at night there never was an instance of an attempt being made; to be sure it is well peopled, as the goldsmith employs many hands, and it is not without regret one beholds so great a number of strong tall men spending their lives in engraving seals, filing plates, enamelling watches, &c. &c. Occupations unworthy a thinking being, but which vanity and opulence will always support in preference to the more useful arts.

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## CHAP. CLXII.

### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

**I**T was so little known in France forty years ago, that no one could be found at court capable of explaining an English newspaper to the king in his closet. They were obliged to make enquiries in the anti-chamber, and a musketeer at last presented himself who was born at Calais, and had learned the language from the proximity of the two countries.

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He translated the paper, and the king immediately gave him a company of dragoons and a thousand louis d'ors.

In our days, (such is the improvement of the age) as soon as a new novel appears from England, twenty translations are begun, and the first is ever the most successful. To be able to read the English papers is now an accomplishment as common as formerly it was rare; it has much influenced the minds and enlarged the ideas of the people: many political works, which have been translated into French, have instructed us in our natural and civil rights, which in the reign of Louis XIV. were almost forgotten by all the writers of that century. In short, this republican language is not unknown even to the sovereign who governs us; and so much the better for you, my beloved fellow citizens!

We have also some translations from the German, but through the ignorance of the translators in their own tongue as well as ours, the works are seldom interesting or popular. The German writers complain, not without reason, of appearing so disadvantageously in print, and wish to be unknown rather than thus vilely misrepresented. It was the elegant translation of Shakspeare by M. Le Tourneux which brought upon our stage several excellent pieces from the English theatre. Many authors have profited by this translation, without deigning to mention his name; they owe much acknowledgment at least to his memory.

## CHAP. CLXIII.

## PALACE OF THE LUXEMBURG.

**I**T has remained for many years in a state of utter neglect, notwithstanding various plans have been proposed for its embellishment. The twenty-four famous pictures of Rubens have been removed, and in their stead they have placed little cabinets and small apartments.

It is melancholy to behold this palace, which might be rendered a principal ornament to the capital: it is now, compared to the palais royal, a mere desert; yet this dilapidated palace is the property of the king's brother!

The palais royal carries every thing attracting to strangers, whilst this side of the town is forsaken. It is much to be wished that this might rival it in fashion, gaiety, and commerce. The palace of the Luxemburg is capable of every improvement, and might easily be rendered the best part of the town, which now is depopulated.

Whilst the Palais Royal is crowded with courtisans and libertines, the Luxemburg presents a quiet philosophic walk, and is only frequented by honest citizens with their decent families. In this place the modest ear is never offended, nor the eye disgusted; one may peruse the wise Marcus Aurelius, a book you could not possibly think

think of in the walks of the Palais Royal, where disorder, folly, and libertinism triumph. The Swiss at the gates dress dinners at the Luxemburg; you may eat under the bowers in the open air; nor are you charged an exorbitant price, as by the cooks or inns at the Palais Royal.

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## CHAP. CLXIV.

### ARCH-WAY OF ST. JEAN.

**C**LOSE to the Hotel de Ville is an arch-way, lonesome and very dangerous, through which however every one must pass who comes down from the elegant street St. Antoine. This passage is exceedingly inconvenient, and leads into a crooked street fronting the handsome porch of St. Gervais, which, however, is but half seen from the situation.

It would be exceedingly proper to construct a street, which should lead into that of St. Antoine; at least a foot-way ought to be made under the arch-way as a protection from the carriages.

This place, although quite close to Le Greve, is well adapted for robbers, who constantly lurk about this dangerous situation.

About midnight, a robber stopped a gentleman passing by, and pointing a pistol to his head, demanded his purse. The hand however of this fellow, who, without doubt, was but young in his

profession, trembled exceedingly, when the gentleman, who was apprehensive that fear might cause even an accidental discharge of the pistol, said, with the greatest coolness, "Do not tremble thus, Sir, I will give you what you require."

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## CHAP. CLXV.

### MUTILATED SAINTS.

THE church porches present to the view a number of strange figures, at present so black and disgusting that they cannot well be conceived to represent the Elect wearing in Heaven the Crown of Glory. Most of these saints want a nose, an ear, or an arm; the angels and cherubims, alas, have lost their wings, and the archangel himself, who is to rouse the dead at the day of judgment, has lost his trumpet. These celestial faces, mouldered away by the hand of time, make a most shocking appearance; why then add to their deformity by crowning them occasionally with fresh-gathered flowers? the contrast is detestable, for the saint has by this means the appearance of the devil himself adorned with chaplets of roses, and piety can hardly be pardoned for its bad taste, in thus disfiguring the image it holds out as an object of adoration.

The porch of Notre Dame presents so fantastical



cal an appearance, that every one may here find what best suits his taste, either in theology, chemistry, or any thing else. A person of some knowledge has assured me, that the secret of the philosopher's stone is here described in all its absurd hieroglyphical figures, but the great difficulty is to decypher these enigmatical emblems.

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CHAP. CLXVI.

## THE SAMARITAINE

**I**S a little mean square building close to the Pont Neuf; it is built on piles, and everywhere interrupts an elegant view. It is however honoured with having a governor appointed to it. This governor, among his other duties, has got the clock under his charge; but alas, the clock hardly ever goes; the dial, so often looked at by the passengers, for months together does not indicate the hour. The chimes are as defective as the clock, and affords indeed an instance of shameful neglect. It strikes, it is true, during all public ceremonies, especially when the king passes; he is entertained with the music which charmed his great great grandfather; and if the statue of Henry IV. which is near it, had but ears to hear, he might occasionally be charmed with the tune.

Considering the reputation the Samaritaine formerly

merly had in Europe, surely its clock and chimes ought to be kept in better order; but it has got a governor, and he is too great a man to condescend to inspect such trifles.

When shall this building, which so outrages taste in the comparison, and which must be seen at the same time with the quay of the Louvre and that of the Theatine, be taken down? and which is of no use but to raise water for some reservoirs, which, however, are dry nine months in the year.

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## CHAP. CLXVII.

### TAPESTRY,

**A**T the procession on Corpus Christi day, the houses in the streets through which the holy sacrament is carried with the utmost solemnity are ornamented with tapestry, which represent the lascivious amours of the gods and goddesses of the ancient mythology; here Jupiter is seen carrying off Ganymede; there caressing Juno; Bacchus drunk on the bosom of Erigonus; Salmacis is seen embracing the youth, who resists the attack; Apollo pursues Daphne; and Venus smiles upon Adonis. Such are the decorations exhibited in honour of the Holy of Holies!—The metamorphoses of Ovid on each side present themselves  
to

to the officiating clergy ; and if a heathen could rise from that hell to which their religion consigns him, he would at every step behold his gods and his idols.

Can it be credited that the representation of pagan idolatry should serve to ornament the front of the houses of good catholics, and that the priests who bear the holy sacrament should behold on every side the representations of heathen theology.

The gods of antiquity are brought forward even to the foot of the little altar, where the holy sacrament rests for a short time, and Jupiter armed with his thunder seems to threaten the Virgin Mary, and Apollo and the Nine Muses partake of the blessings bestowed upon the people.

The tapestry hangers, who care very little about all this, mounted on the top of their long ladders, they fix up Bacchants immediately over the altar itself, and display the Rape of Proserpine. Is there any great difference between all this and a procession of priests of Cybele and Ceres in ancient Rome ?

When Louis XV. went to Notre Dame to offer his thanksgiving for his convalescence, the citizens then ornamented their houses as on the most solemn occasion.

People of fashion have got rid of their tapestry ; at present they are consigned to the anti-chamber, and more elegant hangings have taken place of these uncouth ornaments, which did not correspond with

with the more refined taste of the ladies. At present the tapestry is brought down from the garret on Corpus Christi day, and then sent into the country.

It is amusing to see these tapestry hangers on this solemn day going up and down their long ladders; every door is hung with tapestry; at length the procession moves forward, and before the end of it has passed, it is torn down in an instant, and carried to some other place through which the procession has still to go. All this is done with the utmost dispatch.

It is surprising that among so many ladders, carrying in all directions, so many spectators running against them while elevated, that no accident befalls the poor tapestry hanger, who from the top of his ladder looks down on the head of the multitude.

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## CHAP. CLXVIII.

### GARDEN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.

**T**HIS palace was inhabited by Philip of Orleans, regent of France; he governed the kingdom on the boldest principles; surrounded with flatterers and self-interested men, he looked on all mankind in the same light; it seemed beneath his superior genius to make those distinctions which

which the splendour of his rank and situation rendered a matter of small consideration.

This period, wonderfully important, has affected our present manners, and probably will do so for a considerable time to come. If the basis of morality is half destroyed, it was the regency which caused this rapid alteration, the effect of which has not yet ceased.

Here the Parisians begin to assemble about noon by the dial of the Palais Royal, where they set their watches to the exact time, and boast of it through the day.

Here also other idlers, vain pretenders to literature, pester you with insipid questions a thousand times repeated before, which custom our young authors do not seem inclined to give up.

When the Duke de Chartres proposed to erect buildings on the site of his garden, every one complained as if he was himself the proprietor; but notwithstanding these loud clamours, and the public voice assuming a kind of right to the use of the garden, the Duke felled those trees, under whose shade many an amorous engagement had taken place. Never had the hamedryads of these groves (if they were chaste) more to blush at than for what continually passed in these celebrated walks; they seemed to be formed for the amusement of dancing, but alas! in a few hours all was demolished.

When the public imagined they had sufficiently  
complained,

complained, they were quiet, and it presently appeared from the plan adopted by the prince, that they would in the end be the gainers; that this place, altered according to the taste of the proprietor, would unite all that was elegant and convenient, and afford a more agreeable promenade than it had done before.

Consider, inhabitants of Paris, ever averse to improvement, that your city would have been the repository of filth without the influence of enlightened minds, who broke through those customs and habits which disgraced the city. Leave to your government the task of every improvement of consequence; look round you, is it not all the effect of their energy, which has produced these magnificent and delightful scenes your bounded imagination could not aspire even to the comprehension of.

Are you fond of painting, go to the gallery of the Palais Royal; are you desirous of beholding fine women in the most elegant fashion of the day, you will see them on the grand stair-case; do you wish to regale yourself with ice, you will find it in the cellar appropriated to that purpose; but if you wish for entertaining novelty, do not resort to the booksellers in the Palais Royal.

## CHAP. CLXIX.

## A TUMULTUOUS CROWD.

ON the 30th of May, 1770, an astonishing number of people ran in crowds to behold most miserable illuminations, with some artificial fire-works not worth looking at; and I am certain, for I happened to be present, that two-thirds of the inhabitants of Paris were collected on this occasion. The fireworks might justly be compared to the torches of a funeral procession ranged on each side, and seemed in the end most likely to produce the fatal catastrophe which ensued; dark black clouds, I remember well, hovered over the city.

The street through which the crowd chiefly pressed, though wide at first, grew narrower and narrower by degrees; several holes, and pieces of free-stone here and there, with different impediments, greatly added to the difficulties the spectators had to encounter.

I luckily got to the corner of a wall, which saved my life, and I had the good fortune, after many efforts, to get back safe, though I was strongly persuaded to go forward; but I luckily remembered that I had in the morning seen several pieces of free-stone lying in this wide street, and this circumstance made me take the resolution of immediately returning home. A large quantity

quantity of timber was in a blaze very near to the fire-works, and the singular effect of this fire once more brought me into danger of my life.

Scarcely had I got out of this crowd when I distinctly heard the dreadful shrieks of men, women, and children, in the greatest distress; but although I was deeply agitated with the horrid scene, yet I did not suspect the dreadful consequences which this fatal night produced. I got home safe, and the following day I heard of the fatal accidents of the evening. My friends, happy to find me in the number of the living, most heartily gave me their congratulations.

I was informed that many of my acquaintances had fallen a sacrifice in this crowd; that scenes of cruelty had been even added to the unavoidable horrors of the night. The son, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, was forced against the mother with resistless power, the father trod on the body of his son, and many beheld objects the most dear perishing by their side; others sustained as long as they were able the bodies of their deceased friends, but at last were obliged to give up the charitable office, and resign them to be trodden under foot. Cries and groans drowned the entreaties of the women, and beauty and youth had at this moment lost their power.

A great number of bodies remained in different places, and what is extraordinary, not one of them had a single bone broken, they had all died of suffocation,



suffocation, and their exertions to extricate themselves had been the means of great part of their clothes being torn off, leaving them in a most shocking and deplorable state.

Many persons languished for two years and a half, and then fell victims to the effects of that dreadful night, bearing the marks of the violent pressure they had sustained; others survived the misfortune for ten years or more. Above twelve hundred persons perished on that fatal night. One whole family entirely disappeared, and there was scarcely a house that had not to lament the loss of a relation or friend.

No enquiry was made into this; all was placed to the account of accident. The little care which was taken to preserve order and regularity was undoubtedly the cause of the dreadful consequences: superstitious minds looked on it as a forerunner of future fatal events; but these vulgar apprehensions happily have not been realized.

All this, however, has served as a caution to establish order in subsequent public festivals—but we have passed suddenly from one extreme to the other, and the opportunity given to the people to partake of them is so clogged with different regulations, that they are no longer attended; so much so, that when the king and queen presented themselves at the window of the *Hôtel de Ville*, to receive the congratulations and blessings of the people, no one appeared.

We have not yet at Paris attained the art of giving rejoicing days, where the people shall neither be crowded to death, ill used, nor sent back; perhaps at last our men of genius will contrive to accomplish this, and give to the people a fête worthy of the prodigious sums which are expended to gratify the public. Neither money nor taste is wanting, why then can we not give to the people a fête which shall serve as a pattern to the surrounding nations.

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## CHAP. CLXX.

## ST. DENIS IN FRANCE.

**T**HIS is the burial place of the kings of France, and the princes and princesses of the blood. The most delightful dream that a sovereign can have (said the king of Prussia) is to dream that he is king of France.

It is said, that Louis XIV. would not build at St. Germain en Laye, a situation not only convenient, but delightful, because from thence he would have in view the steeple of St. Denis; he therefore, to avoid the sight of this steeple, erected his palace in a low disagreeable situation, where nature was tortured to complete his design.

“ When death had closed the eyes both of the  
“ sovereign of Egypt and the sycophants who  
“ surrounded

“ surrounded his throne, an upright and conscientious tribunal advanced to verify the actions of his life. There the monarch, returned to that equality with the lowest of his subjects, which death dispenses to all mankind, despoiled of his past grandeur, seeks the last asylum of man, and awaits the judgment about to be pronounced on his past actions; the assembled people record his virtues, or denounce his vices; either the complaints of those he had oppressed echo round his bier, or the tears of grateful remembrance of his virtues are shed over it. It was from these sincere testimonies that the tribunal passed their judgment: if in his life time he had abused his power, his name was delivered over to posterity with disgrace, but if he had lived the father and protector of his subjects, they mournfully attended the solemn procession, conducted him to his tomb, and engraved under his name, ‘Still does he continue to reign ever here’. Such was the first encomium which the new monarch heard on his ascending the throne.

“ This tribunal is by no means abolished, it does, and ever will exist in every nation. Incorruptible and everlasting truth marks in silence the sovereigns of the earth as they pass away; no sooner are they deceased, than truth blazons their actions, and separates the Titus from the Nero; impartial history records the actions of  
“ bad

“ bad kings, and delivers to posterity the bright  
“ example of the upright monarch.”

After this eulogium on Charles V. by M. Le Tourneur, may I be allowed to add the following remarks :

I will speak only of what I saw ; I was present when the subterraneous receptacle of our kings was opened to receive the remains of the Duke de Burgogne, elder brother of Louis XVI. In this silent and mournful receptacle the kings are placed alone and apart, and hear no more the voice of flattery. Every step I took exhibited a broken sceptre and the emptiness of human grandeur ; a triple coffin separated their remains from those of other men, but alas ! the ashes of the deceased are reduced to an equality in spite of every precaution that pride can invent, and will at last be all mixed together. I passed with a solemn step through these sepulchral vaults, where death held his universal dominion ; I experienced in this place, the conviction of his universal power ; vain trophies pointed out the tombs of monarchs long reduced to ashes ; in endeavouring to read their names, I found it impossible to make out the dates or the age they lived in ; the hand of time had nearly effaced it ; how eloquently does time speak to the heart ! what serious lessons does it not give ! We passed close to Louis XIV. ; the spectators said, behold Turenne. We paused at the  
the

the coffin of Charles V. and that of his constable, but as soon as we perceived that of the HERO of FRANCE, the attention was arrested, I beheld the citizens surrounding his tomb, keeping a reverential silence, approaching with affection and respect the lead which inclosed his remains. Every spectator contemplated with a dejected countenance this sacred tomb, and seemed almost to expect a miracle in favour of mankind; one would have thought this good king had but lately finished his mortal career, and we heaped on the detested paricide the curses he deserved, conversing on this dreadful event as if it had only just happened. We spoke of his heroic virtues, of his affection for his people, and the design he had formed for the happiness of the lowest of his subjects at the very moment he was assassinated; but feelings became too acute, and our sighs deprived us even of the power of giving to his remains the praise so justly his due.

The bodies of our deceased kings are ranged in regular order in their vaults; but if it was possible to arrange also their departed spirits, where should we place those of Louis XI. Henry III. and Charles IX.

I would place the soul of Louis XIV. in the middle of a church surrounded with French refugees; there should he behold those unoffending subjects, banished from their country, who were reduced to the hard necessity of living on the cha-

rity of England; then would he perceive how fatal was the error which led him to sign that dreadful edict.

So much has been said of the riches in St. Denis, of the sceptre of Dajobert, the great cross of Charlemagne, and the oratory of Philip Augustus, that I shall pass them over in silence.

What surprised me more than all this treasure was the remark of our guide, who wore the royal livery, on entering the chapel of Turenne: on this black marble, said he, was an inscription to the honour of the Marechal, but the jealousy of Louis XIV. caused it to be effaced.

Shade of Louis le Grand, you were not ten paces from the man who held this discourse; even in the very tomb you must have heard it: there sometimes does truth approach the depository of kings, who while living were strangers to its voice.

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## CHAP. CLXXI.

### THE PICK-POCKET.

**A**S a vigilant eye is kept over the pick-pockets, so in proportion they make use of redoubled cunning and address. To be on our guard against them requires almost as much circumspection as they make use of in their attacks. The hand which robs you of your gold snuff-box, your watch,

having waited for a length of time, at last applied for information at the house, where he soon learned that they knew not the least either of the young man, the sister, or the deceased.

It also happened, that at the desire of the archbishop a sharp look out was kept after those Abbés, who frequented the houses of the girls of the town. These Abbés have no distinguishing mark, except their violet coloured dress, and the method of adjusting their hair, to which was sometimes added the short cloak. As it was generally in the evening that they picked up these girls, a sharper took it into his head to dress himself up like an exempt of the police; as soon therefore in one of the public walks as he perceived one of these Abbés making advances to one of the girls, he never after lost sight of him, and when the Abbé left the place, he carefully followed him, when, producing his ivory staff, he said, "You know what you have been about, Monsieur L'Abbé, and I arrest you in the name of the king." The poor Abbé, trembling and confused, gets with him into an hired coach, and at last musters up courage enough to ask, where he was taking him to. He was answered, "To Fort L'Eveque." "To Fort L'Eveque," said the Abbé, "ah, my dear Sir, consider the consequence of my lost reputation." Soon, however, this inexorable exempt began to attend to him, and getting from him all the money he had about him, permitted him to depart.

He

He followed this trade for some time, till at last he became known to the magistrate, who directed a real exempt to dress himself like an Abbé, and play his part in the Tuilleries so as to attract the notice of the sharper. The scheme succeeded, for when he produced his ivory staff in the name of the king, the real exempt also produced his, saying, "This is the real one, follow me." I should like to see some able caricaturist take this subject in hand; then should we see humorously represented a real exempt disguised like an Abbe conducting to prison the sharper, who, under the assumed character of an exempt, had so often threatened to take others there; how humorously might this scene be represented; the two staves of office, the real and the false one, extended against each other, with the surprise strongly marked in the face of the delinquent, would surely form a delightful caricature.

In June, 1754, a bankrupt, overwhelmed by the confusion in which his affairs were, thought of the following stratagem to extricate himself:—He contrived to have bought for him a dead body as like himself as possible, both as to his person and the colour of his hair; this body he contrived to have carried to his country house, taking care to have it dressed in the same clothes and linen in which he had been publicly seen the very day he disappeared; then having fired a pistol in its face so as to greatly disfigure it, he went off in a different



ferent dress. Thus did he contrive to pay his creditors with a dead body and the shot of a pistol which did no harm to any one.

There are more pick-pockets at Paris than open and declared robbers; it is quite the contrary in London; the Englishman disdains to slyly pick your pocket, he is ashamed of the paltry meanness; he boldly attacks you, or breaks open your house; with us cunning is added to thievery instead of violence. One must be ever on our guard night and day; every thing must be strictly guarded and locked up; hardly a door can be left half open with safety; the light-fingered gentry are ever on the watch, for nothing can be left unprotected even in the day time.

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## CHAP. CLXXII.

### CONFESSION.

**I**F the custom of confessing declines every day, if it is entirely relinquished in the upper class of life, it is not at least the fault of the clergy, they are always to be found in their confession boxes, which are attached to the pillars of the churches; their presence invites you to enter, and all you have to do is to kneel down.

The priest attends to those who confess through a little grated window, and a number distinguishes each

each confessional, in order that you may know where to finish your confession, and to prevent you from going for absolution to some priest, who in that case might say, *nescio vos*.

On each side are placed those who come to confess, who wait until their turn arrives, and very often a dispute arises who shall have the precedence. Violent complaints are made when any person takes up too much time in his confession. But the daughter, who accompanies her mother, takes care to make a short business of it, as does also the mother herself; and this is done to prevent certain suspicions arising of each other.

The confessors most resorted to are not a little proud of their preference, surveying those who come to confession with an eye of conscious superiority.

The generality of those who come to confession consists of citizens, some of whom are sincere, and some hypocrites; of old men, who think of their approaching end; and of servant girls, who know they should lie under suspicion of dishonesty if they did not attend this ceremony. A whole school of boys will sometimes be brought, and when the confessor has heard one, it suffices for the whole school.

Some confessors take delight in the secret nature of their duty; it is indeed in their power to do much good; they can also do a great deal of mischief. Some dedicate themselves to the care  
of

of the conscience of porters, of coachmen, and Savoyards; nor are they in the least shocked at the blunt recital of sins of the grossest texture, while perhaps at a small distance sins confessed with the utmost delicacy, and wrapped up with the greatest nicety, meet that refined attention the penitent is so desirous of.

Is it proper that a marchioness in her confession should adopt the language of a fish-woman? If, however, the absolution be the same, the confessor well knows how to adapt the manner of giving it to the rank of the penitent.

But a parish priest has seldom the good fortune to rank among his penitents a woman of quality; the inferior confessors have lost the art of doing their business in a delicate manner; they are accustomed to listen only to the gross sins of the vulgar, which, among the common people, are always pretty much the same.

There are many instances that persons have omitted coming to confession for a dozen or fifteen years together; but love brings about what piety could not. A man is desirous of being married; but this cannot be until he has obtained his ticket, proving his having been confessed; without this no marriage ceremony can take place, nor can he enter the nuptial bed; until this is performed his happiness is retarded, and his mistress will perhaps jokingly ask him, have you yet been at confession? All is ready, the settlement, the entertainment,

ment, and the bride, but, alas! no marriage can be solemnized until confession has taken place. On this occasion our Benedict enters some church, and reconnoitres the confessional with its priest in it; he goes into it not a little confused; but love, which works all kind of miracles, lays him under the necessity of going through the business as well as he can.

He forgets the manner of doing it; all he remembers, is that he is in love, and in haste. His memory retains nothing but love songs, nor could he better repeat the belief than make use of the usual form of confession; but the confessors are in the constant habit of seeing those who are to be married the following day come to them on the preceding evening, and in general treat them with kindness and civility, well contented with this submission to the rites of the church, although it may have arisen from necessity.

They deliver to them their ticket of confession, without which they very well know they could not enter into the state of matrimony.

The priest, in delivering this ticket of confession, knows it will be followed with a mass, and probably with a baptism, and that at all events the church will reap some benefit from it. A certain person having received one of these tickets after having been confessed, determined to be, as he thought, witty with the confessor, returning therefore to him, he said, "I do not know, Sir, but I  
fear

fear I have not gone through my confession properly, for you have omitted to enjoin any penance upon me." The confessor, who was a man of some humour, replied, "My dear Sir, did not you tell me you were going to be married."

Our confessors have been reproached with the assertion, that some of them sold these so necessary tickets at a crown and a bottle of wine apiece; but I think I may safely say, no man will be found so lost to his reputation, and the honour of his convent, as to barter it for so trifling a consideration. One instance by no means ought to be brought as an example of its being a general custom.

It is far better to wait upon a priest, telling him candidly what you desire, and nineteen out of twenty of them will comply with your wishes, with a politeness that will leave you nothing to complain of.

No priest can confess without the licence of the archbishop. The nuns of St. Catharine, in the street St. Denis, having refused the confessor which the late Christophe de Beaumont had sent them, and he obstinately refusing to take off the interdiction of the one they desired to have, these very pious girls passed several years without confessing or receiving the sacrament; they waited patiently for the death of the archbishop which has lately happened, and his successor immediately sent them back their favourite.

CHAP.

CHAP. CLXXIII.

THE DOCTORS OF THE SORBONNE.

**I**T is impossible to resist smiling when we behold these gentlemen endeavouring to warp the general and universally received opinions of mankind to their immediate way of thinking; but there are occasions which entitle them to our greatest veneration.

The noblest part that it is possible for a man to perform, is exercised by these doctors of the Sorbonne. When one of them is seen attending the execution of a criminal, holding that man in his arms who is abandoned by all mankind; when he endeavours to touch his hardened heart, and to engage him to throw himself on the mercy of that God whom he has neglected, inspiring him with the hope of pardon and eternal life; when he persuades him to bear his punishment as an expiation for the crimes he has committed, by this means he saves his soul from a despair which is worse even than the torments he endures; he points out to him a better life, and aids him to drink the bitter cup; by inspiring him with resignation he gives him fortitude to endure his tortures.

What a sublime employment to soften his pains, and lift his soul to that Eternal Being who can temper our minds to bear the torments inflicted

by man. It is then that we forget the fantastical part of the character of a Doctor of the Sorbonne, and behold in him the charitable peace-maker, the feeling friend, and the comforter of the wretched.

He arrests in its passage the cry of despair, perhaps also that of blasphemy; he brightens the prospect with the hopes of eternal happiness, and delivers up to our Heavenly Father the soul of the unfortunate criminal, who expires in the hopes of everlasting happiness.

No other motive than that of religion and charity can give resolution sufficient to a priest to ascend the scaffold with the murderer, to mingle with the executioners, and to behold their dreadful preparations; to assist at the horrible execution; to sustain the drooping head of the criminal, whose limbs hang broken, loose, and disjointed on the wheel. What in that moment but the soothing words of religion can stop the imprecations and despair of the agonizing sufferer.

Then it is that the Doctor of the Sorbonne appears surrounded with all the divine attributes of mercy, softening the rigour of justice and the law.

The regicide Damien had the assistance of two of these doctors during his excruciating tortures. The crime and the punishment, equally great, called forth two of these charitable confessors, who at the dreadful execution relieved each other by turns.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CLXXIV.

## PAROCHIAL PUBLICATION.

**C**ONTAINING a diary; passion week; the four seasons of the year, &c. From twenty to thirty thousand of these issue yearly from the press. If this publication reaches this amount, at what may be reckoned that of the Breviary or the Parisian mass book?

These books are in the Latin language, and although the people do not understand it, they continue to purchase; they are totally ignorant of the language they make use of, and say their prayers without understanding one syllable of the prayer itself.

A woman of fashion thus saying her prayers in Latin, said, with native simplicity, "I do not know what I say." "Well, then," said her friend, "offer up your prayers in French." "Ah! no," replied she, "that will be too great a pleasure."

A certain cardinal never would recite his Breviary for fear of corrupting the elegance of his Latin.

If the dignitaries of the church do not perform this duty, they at least purchase the four volumes, well bound and gilt, and one of them is constantly to be seen on the mantle-piece; and that is enough for the bookseller, who draws a handsome profit from



from these Latin volumes, which will find purchasers for a greater length of time than the works of either Voltaire or Rousseau.

In what detestation ought the names of Luther and Calvin, who taught the people to say their prayers in their native language, to be held by the booksellers. If it was thought proper to chant the Psalms of David in French, what, alas, would become of that Latin rubbish which brings in such large profits to our ignorant booksellers, who do not understand one word of what they have published, yet sing away with great perseverance in our churches among the crowd of devotees; but they care not if they remain in ignorance, provided they purchase the book.

The church has not licensed these religious books, notwithstanding their extensive sale; but government has leased out the profits of our diurnal prints, our gazettes, daily journals, mercuries, &c. Happily the church has not interfered with the sale of our religious publications.

A devotee will take care to have her mass book richly bound, and carried to church before her by her servant, anxious to display the elegance of the binding.

## CHAP. CLXXV.

## THE PLAY-HOUSE DOOR.

**I**N coming to the door of the play-house, the first object that presents itself is a detachment of guards with their muskets shouldered.

Harlequin cannot make his appearance until the grenadiers have taken possession of the avenues to the house. These soldiers, who are always present at the performance, at four o'clock go through their evolutions as if they were going to attack the enemy; they are distinctly to be seen loading their pieces with ball-cartridge. This is the prelude to the comedy, and doubtless a very entertaining and pleasant introduction to the representation of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

If the performance is at all popular, you must submit to be well squeezed before you can gain admission, and while those who go to the pit are engaged in a quarrel, the actors are amusing themselves with beholding the distress of the crowd, which, however, furnishes them with a supper.

When you have gained admission, the guard ranges the spectators as he would onions, and directs that such a bench shall hold so many, without inquiring into the possibility. If you complain of being squeezed, he silences you directly, and you are under the necessity of attending to the

wit

wit of Moliere under the whiskers of a grenadier. Laugh or sigh a little too loud, the grenadier, who never either laughs or sighs, remarks how much you are affected.

The major, who commands the party, not over civil, nor better dressed, perhaps the acquaintance of some of the actors, is enraged if any of his friends are hissed; he has only to make a sign, and the man of taste, who expresses his disapprobation at any fault in the performance, is carried out in the twinkling of an eye.

This major surely must be a man of literature, for whenever the slightest murmur arises, he warmly takes up the cause; the centry, equally learned, with his cartouch-box at his side, is always of the same opinion with his officer.

He remarks how far any man, who however has paid his money for admittance, is wanting in respect either to the play or the author, and when he has thoroughly considered of his offence, he sends him to prison, and the commissary blindly confirms the determination of this all-accomplished officer.

How do they manage these matters in London without the military? The public conduct themselves so well, both without and within the house, observing a proper silence, and taking care that no licentious behaviour shall interrupt the performance, that the keeping of good order in public places of entertainment is in the hands of the people

ple themselves; and they take good care it shall not be wantonly abused.

But this would be impossible in Paris; the military is necessary to keep in order the carriages which would else drive furiously against each other; the genius of the people requires it; accustomed to champ on the bit, they would not feel right without it.

If, however, there is some restriction, there is also some advantage; the spectator, who is desirous of enjoying the beauties of Moliere, is thus sure of not being disturbed by the capricious remarks of the multitude; the least improper behaviour is silenced in a moment, and when the major who has the command is a man of moderation, taking all together, one cannot but praise the police of public entertainments; it is as necessary at Paris as it would be superfluous in London; here it is requisite to sacrifice part of our liberty to enjoy the remainder in peace. But these theatrical disturbances are not of late so much regarded, at least the pit seems to have acquired that precious liberty of applauding or condemning, and this is certainly right, and more public advantage is obtained by thus according this liberty.

Ah! my dear major, you who have caused your soldiers to terrify me with their arms crossed over my breast when I was quietly going to take my seat at the play-house, for heaven's sake let the pit

hiss or applaud any of my pieces, or those of my fellow authors, in peace, you will not less valorously engage the enemies of the state when you are led to the attack.

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## CHAP. CLXXVI.

## THE ROYAL COLLEGE.

**I**N speaking of one professor you speak of the whole set; they are all alike in their barren and useless functions. It is very well known of what little use these heads of seminaries now are; for the instructions they do give are given with a broken *staff*, and that for a few minutes together; and I think I can safely appeal to themselves, and to the progress their scholars have made, for the truth of my assertion.

Well chosen books are the only proper means of conveying instruction to a man of sense; we have these books, and are no longer in want of professors.

Can any thing be more ridiculous than to see a man of from five-and-twenty to thirty years of age attending the lectures of one of these professors, who harangues upon taste, while another at a small distance from him endeavours to explain without translating, or translates without explaining.

“ Money

"Money badly earned, time lost:" this ought to be the inscription in front of the Royal College.

It has been rebuilt, but ought to have been the last edifice in Paris on which so much money should have been thrown away.

But the professors themselves have good reason to insist on the great utility of their college, and the propriety of their enjoying the handsome salaries they do; but those who are acquainted with the vain display of learning, and their unprofitable instructions, their vanity and self-conceit, will be of a very different opinion.

It is uncertain whether or not this college may or may not be esteemed a university. What a glorious subject of dispute is this! One inscribes, "*In ædibus apud sanctum Germanum vetus*," and makes a complete schism in the university by maintaining that the word *vetus* is more proper than *veterem*; another caused to be engraven on the tomb of M. L'Abbé Batteux, *Uno e nostris*, instead of *Uni*, and then discovering the blunder runs the I through the O, thus Φ.

Indeed our university professors do not understand the Latin better than they do their own language.

How elegant, how nervous is the language of ancient Rome; when Cicero, Virgil, and Tacitus made use of it, it was the language of a free and

all-conquering people, and its harmony was well suited to the delightful climate in which it flourished; it not only abounded with delicacy, but was equally strong and nervous; but when the barbarians of the north overturned the capital of the world, its language also fell a victim, and was mutilated among the other arts which Rome had carried to such superior excellency. This beautiful language became corrupted as the people became slaves, and the voice of the oppressed, little attending to an elegance of diction, was uttered in discordant language. This people, but a little before so proud and independent, lost, with that expansion of the mind which liberty confers, the power also of speaking with propriety.

Thus the Latin language, banished in a manner from Rome, sought an asylum in the convents of the religious; but there ignorance and superstition in affording it an asylum, did it more harm than even the violence and conquests of the barbarians themselves.

Thence this beautiful language, corrupted and debased, found its way into Germany, and again became a victim to the ignorance of lawyers and civilians; it was no longer any thing more than the ghost of what it had been, a monstrous mixture of different idioms fantastically wrought up together, and what is still worse, several of the living languages were destroyed in their infancy, a vile jargon

jargon overwhelmed all, and passed current as the language of science and erudition. Those which abounded in elegance of expression were held in contempt, and sacrificed at the shrine of ignorance and pedantry.

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CHAP CLXXVII.

LANTERN-CARRIERS.

THESE lantern-carriers are all numbered, and begin to parade the streets about ten o'clock at night. There is the lantern-carrier, they say, generally as supper is over. They spread themselves all over the town, to the great disturbance of those who sleep in the front of the house, and are always to be found at the door of a house where any ball or entertainment is going forward.

They are however of great use to those who return home late; they conduct you to your house, even into your chamber, and furnish you with a light in case you have no servant or tinder-box, which is not uncommon with our young men of the town; besides, these moving lights not a little keep in awe our midnight plunderers, and protect the public almost as much as the night watch.

They may be said to form in a manner part of the police; they see every thing that passes, and not a little interrupt the attempts of those fellows who



who attempt to pick the locks of houses in remote streets; they also greatly help the reflectors in giving light to the foot way. When the play is over, they have in a manner the management of the hackney coaches; according as they are paid they will cause your's to come up or not, and indeed without their assistance you will be greatly at a loss. These witty gentlemen make free with every body: when they see a man shabbily drest, with dirty stockings, they take care to throw a strong light upon him, bawling out, "Does Monseigneur want his carriage?" They distribute themselves also at every place of entertainment, where they are not sparing of the titles of M. Le Comte, M. Le Marquis, M. Le Duc, and Milord; a grocer is in a moment, by these dispensers of honours, elevated to the rank of a colonel\*; and a hungry lawyer's clerk, who is making what haste he can, that he may not be too late for supper, is pursued by these fellows, who nick-name him M. Le President.

The lantern-carrier goes to bed very late, and the next morning makes a report of all he has observed. Nothing contributes to keep good order and prevent accidents more than these men, they are everywhere in a moment, and thus frequently prevent nocturnal depredation; besides, on the

\* Under our late heaven-born ministry we frequently witnessed similar transformations in England.

least

least disturbance they call the watch, and become very material witnesses.

It is only their noise which is so distressing. But if the lantern-carrier disturbs one at night, does not the same evil exist through the whole day; on every side is heard the squalling fish-woman with her mackarel all alive, just arrived, just arrived; fresh herrings; baked apples, hot, hot from the oven; here is the lady's delight, nothing but hard gingerbread; fresh oysters; sweet oranges, &c. &c. &c.; add to all these the cries of old clothesmen, of parasol-sellers, water-carriers, and purchasers of old iron, and we have a lively representation of the united discordant cries with which Paris is disturbed; so accustomed to it are the practitioners, that even in their sleep they continue the cry of their different avocations. No, the people of Paris are condemned to have their quiet eternally disturbed by such an incessant jargon, strangers to the blessing of sweet and composing sleep.

## CHAP. CLXXVIII.

## HUSBANDS.

**T**HE married men seem to have adopted the two following lines of La Nouè :

“ Complaints but mark the peevish or the fool,  
“ The man of sense is silent and is cool.”

No reproach or shame is attached to that man who does not connive at his dishonour ; as long as matters are privately carried on (and now all is done with a decent secrecy) a husband is no way responsible, but the moment circumstances are made public it is then he adopts rigorous modes. In general no appeal is made to a court of justice ; he says to his wife, “ I will not be the cause of unhappiness to you, from this moment be free ; I will allow you a certain maintenance, which shall be paid to you wherever you reside, but we meet no more ; I only request you will leave the town until the noise this affair has made shall die away.”

Such is the usual accommodation, and the lady loudly complains of the sacrifice she makes in quitting the capital. How is it possible, says she, to live in the country ? It is in vain she is told by her acquaintance, that in all the great towns they live pretty much in the same way as in Paris ; she is  
resolved

resolved that her husband shall feel the weight of the obligation by her compliance, and expects to have her allowance increased in proportion. The husbands of Paris are not really masters in their own houses, for their wives are but little used to any kind of obedience; a perfect equality is established between them, and each follows the bent of their own inclinations. But whatever may be their particular pursuit, they never are wanting in attention to each other. See them together in public, they give the idea of perfect concord; their language, if it is not that of friendship, includes at least every minute attention to each other; their private quarrels are never known to any stranger, and it generally happens that a woman of a sour temper meets with a husband of a better disposition, who gives up many things to her, and laughs at her caprices.

Intimately connected by every domestic interest, they act together with prudence and discretion. The custom of Paris gives to the women very extended privileges, which they possess in no other part of the world; they are generally consulted even in matters that do not appertain to them, for in Paris nothing is determined on without the approbation of the ladies.

It very often happens that a husband and wife, after having both of them led a dissipated life, come together again, and an act of oblivion for  
past

past errors takes place between them; it is then that a tender friendship forms the solace of their old age; they taste, though a little late in the day, the sweets of domestic happiness, of that happiness which is paramount to every other. Such people as these would have been constant in their mutual affection if they had not been married.

It is necessary for the information of foreigners to add, that these conjugal aberrations are no longer mentioned in public, except when conveyed through the medium of poetry, then it is allowable to read them to the ladies; they must be wrapped up in poetry to give them currency in the world. I have heard an ignorant fellow telling the story of his own matrimonial disgrace before a room full of ladies. That this might not happen in future, it was universally agreed that the misfortune of a husband should not thenceforward become the subject of pleasantry and ridicule; and indeed this was a most wise determination.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CLXXIX.

## HOTEL OF LA FORCE.

**T**HIS hotel belonged to Jacques de Caumont Duke of La Force, and accident has really converted it into a house of force, (in English a prison) and it would be impossible to convince the common people that it did not take its name from its strong doors, its keys, and its locks; thus the origin of many things is lost in the ignorance and obstinacy of the people.

This prison is an example how much good is done to mankind when an able writer takes up the pen in the cause of humanity; here punishment is no longer accompanied with cruelty, nor are small delinquencies magnified into crimes.

Louis XVI. blessed be his name, throwing his paternal eye over this place of horror and misery, granted to the prisoners every comfort which could alleviate their situation; the rack as well as the dungeons have been by his order abolished, and now no hardship that is not absolutely necessary is inflicted.

Louis XVI. made many edicts of this kind in the cause of humanity, but the title of these edicts will surround his tomb, and what more glorious trophies can adorn it than those made in the cause of humanity and mercy; it is the brightest gem  
in

in a monarch's crown. The tear of gratitude will always trickle down the cheek of adversity on beholding the royal bosom the depository of the finest feelings of humanity.

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## CHAP. CLXXX.

### DECISIONS OF THE POLICE.

A DECISION of the police has been lately published, which condemned a tavern keeper to a penalty for having given to his customers the flesh of an ass instead of veal, and the decision added, "as he had been used to do"; and it became necessary to have all the dead horses buried, since it had been discovered that the keepers of miserable eating houses in the outskirts of the town, had frequently cut slices from a dead horse, and sold it for beef. A curious catalogue might be made of the various decisions of the police; what a number of petty crimes almost incredible, and novel in themselves, would then meet the public eye.

At Paris we never think of prevention until the accident has happened; part of the machinery in a public representation on the stage having caught up the petticoats of one of the female performers, an order immediately came out from the police, that no actress, or female dancer, should in future appear

appear on the stage without drawers, and the actress who plays the serious part of Merope is equally obliged to comply with this order as the one who in the dance cuts capers immediately over the heads of the spectators in the pit ; and this law extends itself from the boards of the opera to the stage of the mountebank.

Thus the tragic actress in all her magnificence must furnish herself with this safeguard of her modesty against any unforeseen accident, as well as the mountebank, for whom indeed this is far from being an unnecessary precaution.

No women in Paris, except these actresses, ever wear drawers, however they may be the fashion in colder climates ; but if it could be possibly brought into fashion, our women of delicate constitution would experience the greatest advantage by being thus protected from the effects of cold and damp.

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## CHAP. CLXXXI.

### NOTRE DAME.

**T**HE name of the architect who laid the plan of this ancient edifice is unknown. On entering this church you are more struck with the dimensions of this monument of antiquity, than with the regular and refined proportions of our modern churches.

The



..The colossal figure of St. Christopher immediately arrests the attention.

The Chapel of the Damned exhibits the history of the celebrated preacher, once canon of Notre Dame, who every one thought had departed this life in the bosom of sanctity and holiness. He is here represented, during the funeral service, as raising his head from the bier, and crying out—"I am damned!"

Will not this story fill the mind with terror, when you see it recorded in this vast and majestic building by a faint and solemn light, in the presence too of St. Christopher? I confess I am wonderfully moved at all this. I gaze with pleasure on this colossal statue, and listen with attention to the story of the canon, who raised himself three times from his coffin to say, "I am damned by the judgment of God!" If the bell should at this instant sound, I am still more affected. I ascend the tower, whence I command a view of this great city, and it no longer appears any thing more than a confused heap of rubbish, so strange an appearance has Paris from this lofty situation.

The Gothic appearance of this edifice, its porches black with age, its enormous bells, its winding stair-cases, its antique windows, and its decayed sculpture, all carry back the mind to ages long since past away; and when, in addition to the church music, the poor cripple who has the custody of the holy water offers it to me, all is in  
unison

unison with my feelings, and with a heart devoutly raised to Heaven I offer my prayers to God more fervently in the church of Notre Dame than any where else.

I see with regret that they have whitened this church, which pleased me much more while its walls bore the venerable marks of antiquity; the dim light made the soul retire within itself, and the old walls recalled to my mind the early days of our monarchy; but now the inside has the appearance of a new building; our holy temples ought surely to bear the marks of the age they have acquired; however, I console myself in admiring St. Christopher and the Chapel of the Damned.

On entering the grand sacristy you are struck with surprise at the vast quantity of gold and silver which presents itself to the view; it really imprints the idea of the treasures of Mexico; the crosier, the mitre for the archbishop, who blesses the kneeling people with his fingers extended, all this parade creates in the imagination both solemn and pleasant ideas.

At last Monseigneur, the archbishop, makes his appearance from the superb sacristy, both crosiered and mitred, and bestows his blessing on me as well as others as he passes by. Surely that moment, when I bend the knee in common with the congregation, far exceeds the finest dramatic representation.

The

The canons, the singers, the vergers, the music, the multitude, the church itself, and the archiepiscopal palace, all strongly draw my fixed attention, and wrapped in admiration and wonder, I am the last to quit the church.

If I employ myself in reading the epitaphs, I find sufficient to occupy my attention; five-and-forty chapels offer a prodigious number of historical ones, and I stop before the tomb of the Marechalle de Guebriant, the only woman who ever filled the office of an ambassador.

A number of well-dressed young children, taken from among the foundlings, reflect the highest praise upon the charitable part of the institution; it is a bright beam which spreads itself over the more solemn objects of consideration at Notre Dame; it is indeed almost impossible to avoid making this church the repeated object of our attention.

For ever may its ornaments remain untouched, its ancient porch, its pictures, and above all the statue of St. Christopher, rather indeed the production of a mason than a statuary; however it awakens in my mind the bold conception of Shakspeare, and that is sufficient for me; in other places I can behold fine statues, but St. Christopher stands indeed alone.

There is hardly any end to be found to the description of this vast church, and perhaps it is of little consequence to add, that the bowels of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. are placed there; and that  
the

the tombs of several bishops and archbishops have been discovered, which no longer contain any thing but the mouldered remains of these prelates. I shall presently speak of the shrine of St. Michael, the contemporary and intimate friend of St. Genevieve.

When these two shrines are carried in procession, and they happen to approach each other, that sympathy which formerly actuated them still continues so strong that they endeavour to come together, and it requires the strength of a dozen strong porters to prevent this sentimental junction from taking place; if they were not able to succeed in preventing this reciprocal tendency, the two shrines would remain joined for three days together; but the bearers of them, well aware of this ancient tradition, take care to keep the male and female saint at a proper distance.

This story, which is told you in the church of Notre Dame, is not perhaps quite so striking as that of the Chapel of the Damned, but they will do exceedingly well together. Let us return to our historical remarks.

In 1728, when some alterations and repairs were making in the church, and the scaffolding was still standing, some of our light-fingered fraternity thought of a scheme to pillage the congregation at their ease. They chose the time of Easter, when a greater number of religious people than is usual assemble in the churches: When the

first verse of the psalms at vespers was chanting, two of them, who had contrived to get to the top of the highest scaffolding, threw down some of the workmen's tools, and overset some ladders, crying out that the whole scaffolding was going to fall. Both the congregation and the chanters thought of nothing else but saving themselves, and the psalm of David was left unfinished; the door-way was soon rendered impassable by the press of people, and the pick-pockets took this glorious opportunity of rifling the pockets of the congregation of their watches and their snuff-boxes. Those women who had the most valuable ornaments were most to be pitied, as from their ears the diamond ear-ring was snatched, and sometimes along with it part of the ear itself. The thieves played their part so cunningly that they never yet have been discovered.

The church of Notre Dame was some time since concerned in a dispute of precedency. It took place at a solemn procession on the day of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, which was instituted by that valetudinarian Louis XIII. when his wife proved with child, after remaining barren for three-and-twenty years.

This dispute was vigorously carried on by the parliament on one side and the chamber of accounts on the other. After many hearings these latter gentlemen passed thirty years without assisting at the procession, and the king to accommo-  
date

date matters was obliged to order them to keep at a distance from each other.

The first president of the chamber, who lost the day, is now obliged to walk on the left hand of the president of the parliament, and still bears about him the marks of his long past defeat. The people take notice of it, and say, he has got the left hand, and dares not make one step towards the right. What a striking instance is this of the reversal of human grandeur, to lose the contended cause and be obliged to fill an inferior station. Thus are they obliged to walk in procession on the 15th of August, and go out at a smaller door, while the parliament in triumph occupies the principal one.

A grenadier one day, looking at the cathedral of Paris, said, "O what a beautiful oak tree!" "What do you say?" replied his companion, "do you dream? a fine oak! Do not you see two large turrets and a pointed steeple." "No! No!" returned the other, "it is an oak; only look on those who every day feed on the acorns of this beautiful tree." At this time the dignitaries of this church were in a flourishing condition.

The thanksgiving which the court offers to God on the birth of a prince, for a victory, for peace, or the convalescence of its king, is performed at Notre Dame, when the church is filled with a large band of musical performers.

The standards and colours taken from the enemy are hung up in this church, and the people dignify a victorious general with the appellation of the tapestry hanger of Notre Dame—a strong and forcible appellation.

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## CHAP. CLXXXII.

### THE SACRED CONCERT.

THE people of Paris are so devoted to amusement that they cannot do without it, even on those days which our religion consecrates to sacred duties.

It is true, the opera is shut on Good Friday, at Easter, and Christmas; but the orchestra of the opera with its singers appear on another stage, exhibiting a sacred concert, which they publish in large bills; it is true, they are not dressed in character, that is the only difference.

They sing *miserere* and *de profundis*, but all this does not interest any one when the performer is seen singing the Psalms of David, who the night before filled the part of Armida, or Iphigenia. Quinault and the Psalmist in the mouth of the same performer cannot but raise odd ideas in the mind. All these musical performances become truly theatrical, and one of these sacred airs is spoken of with the same levity as an Italian song.

However aware a nice observer may be of the contradiction visible in our customs, he knows not how to reconcile the idea when he sees the performers of the opera, who are all excommunicated, in their common dress, singing the same psalms which are sung by the clergy in the churches, where the people attend to it with every mark of adoration and piety.

A female singer does not perhaps understand the words she makes use of; but she sticks to her notes; and there are many people who never heard any other vespers than those of the sacred concert.

The abbots, who scrupulously refrain from attending the musical entertainments of the Royal Academy, frequent these sacred concerts: by this means they become acquainted with the person, the accomplishments, and the attractions of the female singers without scandal; for their bishop cannot disapprove of these sacred concerts, because King David and his Psalms, with his harp, seem to purify the lips of these female singers.



## CHAP. CLXXXIII.

## CONVENTS.

**T**HE convents are fallen into disesteem, for bigotry, hypocrisy, and monastic ignorance have overwhelmed them. These deplorable remains of ancient superstition are in the middle of a city enjoying all the advantages of knowledge; but the walls of these holy prisons prevent their inhabitants from partaking of the enlightened opinions of the age.

On the one hand is seen the most complete obedience, and on the other the paltry exertion of command; add to this the despair of a great number, the calm resignation of others, and the broken spirit of the most religious, and you will have the picture of a convent, when moderation and civility are not practised by the superiors. There obedience is a matter of course; they do right by compulsion, but without inclination; they pray without devotion, and submit to mortification to comply with the established rule. Custom indeed lightens the yoke, but the mind never can be subdued. They teach the novices to fear the devil, but do not inculcate the adoration and love of God, thus compelling them to do that from fear which ought to arise from love and reverence to the Supreme Being.

But,

But, alas! the passions are not annihilated in these retreats, they are alive to regret, and vent their miseries in bitter complaints; and some, giving themselves up to the anguish of despair, die in the very flower of their youth.

The numbers of these victims are certainly lessened; but it would have been easy to have destroyed their abodes of melancholy, by deferring the period of taking the vows until the age of five-and-twenty; but a law made under the impression of constraint is always a bad law.

Formerly the sister was sacrificed to the advancement of the brother, or by a coquet of a mother, who beheld her daughter growing up into a rival.

But so much has been said on this abuse, that the most vain and unnatural mother now no longer talks to her daughter of a convent; they are chiefly filled by girls without fortune.

The young girls are placed there till they marry; and when they become women, they relate in whispers those secrets which all the world knows; but what seems strange is, that this girl, when become a mother, will send her daughter to participate in those scenes in which she herself is so well versed, and well aware as she is of the danger that innocence has to encounter.

Thus do we yield to the infirmity of human nature, though reason points out the danger. The vow of virginity, far from being praise-worthy, involves

involves in it a train of evils. Whoever takes notice of the florid countenance of the monks and their athletic make, will certainly be a judge of the danger to which celibacy is exposed in both sexes, in spite of locks, bolts, and bars.

I have never yet seen a nun behind the grate but I have thought her amiable to a degree; nothing exceeds the elegant simplicity of her neck handkerchief, her veil, and her solemn dress, the melancholy on her countenance little corresponding however with her lively conversation. The impossibility of their ever changing their condition, and the idea of so much beauty lost to the world, deeply affects me while I stand before the grate, and when I depart, I lament that no human power can ameliorate their condition. They have undoubtedly some amusements, which enable them to bear the load of life, but they all agree in saying that happiness and they have taken leave of each other; nor can I help repeating to myself that line of Lucretius, which it is so necessary to remember well in all catholic countries :

*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

Although they cannot be compelled to take the vows, yet every artifice that can work upon inexperience is made use of to accomplish it.

A father being desirous of having his daughter married, whom he had placed in a convent for education, experienced the most decided opposition

tion to his wish from the society, and having taken her home, would not permit her again to return to the convent, being determined to cure her of her aversion to the world. Two days after she had left the convent, he received the following letter:—"God Almighty, to whom every thing belongs, sovereign of the universe and all its creatures, judge both of the living and the dead. Hear, impious man, the words of thy God: if you despise them, I will command the exterminating angel to strike you dead before the end of the year. Dost thou dare to prefer the charms of wealth to thy immortal soul? and give way to your ambitious views in opposition to my will? Dost not thou know that I am the author of every good, and that I distribute my blessings as I see proper? Thy daughter belongs to me, both her existence and her will are at my disposal? Art not thou too happy in the knowledge that I place her among the number of my wives, and that she has by her prayers disarmed my justice towards thee of its terrors? Thy crimes have merited exemplary punishment, and already is my arm uplifted to annihilate thee; it is only the holy place of her residence which has softened my displeasure. If you presume to hesitate in returning her to the convent, tremble; my uplifted arm shall descend in vengeance on thy head."

The father, however, saw very clearly that God  
Almighty

Almighty never could dictate such a letter ; he despised the fanatic who had forged it too much even to make any inquiry after him, and married his daughter to a man of honour in the army, who soon taught her to lose all relish for a convent. The father is still alive, and embraces with rapture the children of his daughter, who, instead of being the unprofitable and barren inmate of a convent, makes a most excellent mother of a family.

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## CHAP. CLXXXIV.

## THE INVENTORY.

**G**OVERNMENT now borrows money only on annuities. The inventory therefore of the effects of half the people who die is soon made ; they find a parcel of parchments, and six months arrear of annuity due. No iron chests now-a-days, where our provident forefathers, anxious for the future, laid by their riches against a time of need.

This annuity security, which makes the king in a manner the universal legatee, breaks the ties of blood, of gratitude, friendship, and generosity. But what does it signify if the father is thus disunited from the son, or the uncle from the nephew. But ruin attends this lending of money to government at ten per cent. and an epidemical disorder

disorder would throw the wealth of the kingdom into the hands of the king.

Who is it nowadays that laments the death of a father, or uncle, or near relation? perhaps the son of a porter, a washerwoman, or a shoemaker; but in higher life this is no longer the case, the only concern is about the succession, and the only passions that are excited are the hope and fear of what the deceased may have left behind him.

It is only at the decease of any one that his wealth or his poverty is known. If the relations find nothing to defray the funeral expences, they are often under the necessity of paying it among them; and sometimes it is impossible to conceive how the deceased could have existed for the last six months; he appears to be as completely naked at his death as he was at his birth.

Behold the heirs who impatiently wait the opening of the will; the widow, the children, and relations of the deceased, all actuated by the hopes of that preference they anxiously expect.

A financier, who thought proper to hide his gold, died some years ago, and his heirs in deep mourning made haste to search after his property. They found none—the iron chest was empty—and this occasioned many suspicions. “Where is his money,” said they. The servants are arrested, the old walls explored, the sophas ripped open, they dig in the cellars, but still no gold! The heirs lament, but lament in vain, and are obliged to be  
contented

contented with the jewels, the furniture, and the tapestry.

At last they thought of ransacking his dusty library; on the very top were discovered a long range of large books, a collection of the writings of the Fathers of the Church, a very useless one for the age we live in; in taking down one of them for the person who was making out the catalogue of the library, the weight of it made it fall from his hands, and then it was that three thousand Louis d'ors burst from their long confinement in St. Chrysostome and his neighbours; Gregory, Jerome, Augustin, Basil and Co. gave up the gold they concealed. The heirs, thus agreeably surprised smiled for the first time on the sacred pages of these Fathers of the Church, and were far from finding fault with the weight of these theological works.

The financier had hid this gold between the folio leaves of these volumes, well assured that no one would attempt to inspect these religious books, and imagining that his gold was thus more secure than even under lock and key.

But sometimes there is great danger in opening the secret depositaries of wealth, for it is well known that our modern locksmiths have invented several contrivances, which, without the knowledge of the secret, will wound the hand which attempts to open them, and in proportion as the deceased is rich the greater is the danger; and the present

present age exhibits a terrible example of this kind.

T——, a rich financier, had an iron trap-door contrived in his cellar, where he deposited his wealth, and where he every day went to contemplate his riches. The locksmith, who contrived it, had cautioned him to be careful how he visited this place, for, said he, "If by any accident it closes upon you, you are lost for ever!"

Many years passed away, and this miser every day saw his hoard increase, which he constantly visited with an avidity the most gratifying to himself, in thus paying homage to this adored idol. One day, one fatal day, neglecting to take the necessary precaution, the door closed upon him. Behold him then shut up with his treasure in the deepest despair; he calls, and makes every effort to be heard, but in vain; his subterraneous contrivance was too distant and remote to admit the possibility of his being heard from it. Behold him then stretched on his gold dying with hunger—all would he have given for a glass of water and some bread, and dies at last the victim of his own avarice, nor does one consoling remembrance of any charitable action alleviate the horrors of his dreadful situation.

In the mean time he is everywhere searched for, but in vain, for no one knew of this secret contrivance; at last it came to the ears of the locksmith, who, immediately suspecting the truth, pointed



pointed out the place, and the door was at last broken open; but what a dreadful spectacle presented itself—the miserable T—— starved to death on his bags of gold, after having gnawed his fingers in the extremity of hunger.

Ye sons of poverty, whom he disdained, to whose sighs and distresses he was deaf, you I know will deplore his fatal end; your hearts, melted by his sufferings, will yield to the tender impressions of humanity.

Oftentimes does wealth and opulence, indigence and poverty, meet in the same house. The wealthy man occupies the ground floor, the man of moderate fortune has one above him, poverty is immediately over him, and extreme indigence you will find on the fourth story in a garret half open to the weather; and when the inventory of the fourth story is taking, the baker generally makes his appearance, demanding his money for seven or eight loaves of bread, while perhaps the diamonds of the man on the first floor will immediately sell for forty thousand crowns. Tell me, impartial spectator of all this, do we live under the best of all possible governments?

## CHAP. CLXXXV.

## LETTRES DE CACHET.

**I**T is not known when, or on what occasion, they were first made use of; we know well that there are such things, and it is quite unimportant to trace them to their origin; the nobility as implicitly obey them as the man in the lowest rank of life; and a poor miserable author, who has drawn on him the indignation of the court, has no great reason to complain, when he sees a prince of the blood submitting to the same power.

However, Clovis, Charlemagne, and Hugues Capet made no use of them, but Louis XIV. and XV. have distributed a very sufficient quantity of them.

Blackstone openly condemns them, and I do not imagine that poor Linguet, who has escaped from this den of lions in the modern Babylon, will be over profuse of his praises of that government which is so lavish of them; he will undoubtedly clearly demonstrate that these lettres de cachet are diametrically opposite to every natural right, and that every man on earth is born with the absolute right over his own person. But all the books in the world will not loosen one stone from the  
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the Bastile\*, nor cause the drawbridge to be lowered a single inch; neither will the gaoler pay any attention to these fine compositions, but continue to do his duty in sullen silence, and very likely the philosopher, who may have loudly proclaimed the unlawfulness of lettres de cachet, will on the next day receive one himself. Three hundred thousand men and five hundred millions of revenue are amply sufficient to shut up all the authors and their works in the different Bastiles of the kingdom.

But what is still worse is, that when you are arrested on the part of the king, your name does not always remain in his memory; the little bit of stamped paper has quickly conveyed you through the gates of the Bastile, and the royal signature, which we always read with the greatest respect, is at least a consolation for the poor prisoner, who says within himself, "The king of France knows that I am here, and his will be done."

But this bit of stamped paper, which perhaps in a moment of ill-humour is made out at Versailles on a Sunday, in the cabinet of a certain person, stops you short on the Monday morning just as you are going to take a pleasant walk. This to be sure is hard of digestion; and it must be confessed that it is impossible to be addressed by

\* How short-sighted is human reason! This book was printed in 1783, and where is the Bastile now?

the

the officer who puts it into execution, however polite he may be, without experiencing the greatest perturbation; nor are the fangs of wild beasts half so much to be dreaded.

It is impossible to say how many lettres de cachet are issued in a year; however, many more are applied for than are granted. Weigh this well in your mind, my good reader, and spare me the painful commentary.

The state prisons are now in a manner empty in comparison with what they formerly were; in a word, it is possible to get over the effects of a lettre de cachet, though you cannot that of the Asiatic bow-string.

Cardinal Fleury, it is said, signed about thirty thousand of them in the affair of the Pope's bull. The Jansenists are now no longer imprisoned, and yet the throne of Pharamond does not seem in any great danger.

Taking all things into consideration, these arbitrary and indefinite imprisonments can only fall on a small number of persons, that is to say, either on men in the public or private departments of government, when they do not act consistently with the duties of their office, or else on those who have given too free a scope to their pen or their tongue; out of ten thousand men, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety are not the objects of a lettre de cachet; the people of Paris hold a commissary in far greater dread.

The days, it is true, are passed in which revenge and money could at any time purchase these lettres de cachet, when in a manner a shop was kept to gratify the passions of mankind. Those days, thank God, are past!

The lettre de cachet either confines or banishes the individual against whom it is directed, and banishment is now become more common than imprisonment. This is certainly more advantageous for government; and is it not better to breathe the air in a country however distant, even in a desert, than to continually hear the harsh sound of locks opening and closing under the rude hands of turn-keys, more horrible than mutes.

The prisoner of state, left to his own desponding thoughts, envies the lot of the porter or the shoe-black on the Pont Neuf; and if he happens to hear the voice of the water-carrier, sighs for his belt, and the labour he undergoes of mounting to the upper story of the house through a dark and winding stair-case.

This solitary confinement is certainly a great punishment, and overwhelms the mind with greater despair than even the loss of liberty itself.

But that man who exclaims against these lettres de cachet as cruel and oppressive, forgets all principle of rectitude, if perhaps the next moment, when some near relation is delivered over to the hands of justice and the rigour of the law, he supplicates the minister for an order which snatches him

him from infamy and death, happy to obtain this *lettre de cachet*, which saves his family from dishonour. Have we not seen the father accuse the son to the minister—the old man would be dishonoured if justice was not speedily administered; and the philosopher and the author soliciting above twenty of these *lettres de cachet* against their own family, and what human tribunal will not listen to the accusation of a father? is he not a sacred judge? Our judicial proceedings cannot dive into the secrets of families without wounding the feelings of that family; and are not ministers in such cases as these very appropriate judges?

In the affairs of state, which ramify in a thousand directions, and which require the greatest circumspection to conduct, perhaps a traitor is discovered, who is on the point of giving some important information to the enemy, by which the country may receive a fatal blow; if this is not prevented the nation is perhaps materially hurt; the regular hand of justice would be too slow, and afford an opportunity to the traitor to escape the punishment he deserves.

All *lettres de cachet* are not then unjust; they have often been apparently necessary, and if the advantage they have been of was made public, their occasional utility would perhaps appear. Often has the hand of power thus purged the state of those

gloomy and discontented monsters who imagined the laws could not reach their infamy.

However, the evil justly complained of is, that they have been made use of for the punishment of small and venial faults, and sometimes even on bare suspicion only. The *lettre de cachet* ought to be considered as the thunderbolt of all-powerful Jove, to annihilate the ambitious and the rash, and in a moment to bury them from the public ; but it is unworthy of its irresistible power to crush the feeble and bending reed.

In every monarchical government, crimes of so particular a nature will always be found as to require the prompt and striking exercise of power. Happy, thrice happy indeed is that constitution where its component parts are so connected, that the active vigilance of its citizens supplies the place of state prisons ; but a state thus organized is hardly to be found on the face of the earth.

When neither revenge nor meanness guides the issue of these *lettres de cachet*, the thunder thus darted from the hand of power will not have the appearance of a miserable squib, wounding at random, but resound in the ears of the citizens with majesty, inspiring respect and veneration ; far from complaining of these marks of despotic power, they will only regard them as the tutelar guardians of the throne and the state.

And indeed was it even to be wished for, how  
could

could these lettres de cachet be now done away, so incorporated as they are with the other powers. But power itself, which is no longer wantonly used, becomes every day more ameliorated; it feels that not only its dignity, but even its interests, are concerned to efface the ancient abuses; they are falling fast; every thing promises it, every thing announces it.

Laughable scenes will even sometimes mix with the execution of a lettre de cachet; the thunder which is going to annihilate you is in the pocket of an exempt; proud of this consequential duty, he compares himself to the eagle of Jupiter, but he surprises you with the cunning of a serpent; he watches you, and waylays you, and then accosts you in a gentle whisper: "I am exceedingly sorry, Sir, but I have an order, Sir, which arrests you, Sir, by command of the king." "Me, Sir?" "Yes, you, Sir." At the moment you are distracted between anger and indignation, and ready to pour upon him a thousand imprecations; but you see before you a man of politeness, respectable, and a gentleman of polished manners and behaviour; were you of ever so violent a disposition this would disarm your resentment. Very soon an exchange of civilities takes place, and this continues until the locks and bolts of the Bastille separate you from your polite conductor, who returns to give an account of what he has done in an employment lucrative enough



enough indeed, and whose chief excellence consists in shutting up people in the Bastille with every possible politeness.

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## CHAP. CLXXXVI.

### THE MARTINISTS

**A**RE a sect entirely new, who, turning their back on the beaten road of natural philosophy, and leaving behind them the precepts also of natural history, have rushed into an invisible world known only to themselves.

The Martinists have adopted the visionary system of Swedenborg, the Swede, who pretends to have seen and conversed with angels, who has described their habitations, their method of writing, and their customs; in a word, who has beheld the wonders both of heaven and hell. This sect takes its name from that of their founder, author also of a book which he calls a Treatise on Error and on Truth. This book promises, like many others, to convince us of truths which occupy the attention of all mankind.

The basis of their system is, that man is a degraded being, punished in this corporeal state for sins committed before he was born; but that the ray of the Divine Being, which he still possesses, may

may yet conduct him to a state of sublime perfection and happiness.

That an invisible world of spirits everywhere surrounds us, and endowed as they are with different qualities, are the constant companions of man, are witnesses of all his actions, even his inmost thoughts, and man himself might hold communication with them, and extend by this means the sphere of his knowledge, if vice had not made him lose this important secret.

That the objects we behold are nothing more than ideal and deceitful, but what we do not see is the reality; that all experience is error, and every thing is influenced by this intellectual world of spirits; that even our very senses are the source of error and of folly.

That man has forfeited his abode of glory, and that he shall not again obtain it until he shall comprehend this fruitful source of knowledge, the parent of truth, one and immutable.

That to reach these sublime truths it is necessary to appeal from man, and hold converse with spirits. All sciences which occupy the attention of the learned are vain, and man being ignorant of the principle, has lost himself in false and pretended discoveries. The most inferior inhabitant of this ideal world, say they, is more enlightened than either Bacon or Boerhaave.

Undoubtedly the Divine Being has endowed us with different powers of mind; the Martinists themselves

themselves reason calmly upon their opinions, and appear to be convinced of the truth of what they assert. Unassuming and moderate, these visionaries are the mildest of men, unactuated by violence and enthusiasm, so much the just reproach of almost every other sect.

The book of their founder is an illiterate rhapsody; but it is well known that words do not always convey a just idea of our meaning, and that we may very well be able to know what we mean ourselves, without the ability of imparting that knowledge to others. What results from reading this book is, that the Martinists have adopted a vast number of metaphysical ideas; that they are diametrically in opposition to the tenets of the Materialist; that they are truly religious; and that their doctrine tends to elevate the mind of man as much as others have endeavoured to debase it.

Who is not anxious, was it possible, to converse with the inhabitants of the other world? how would our happiness be increased! how enviable such society! and what in comparison would all terrestrial scenes be to such enviable objects! how delightfully would our time be employed in relating to our friends of the other world how great our regard was for our friends on earth, and to our terrestrial ones all we had collected from our celestial ones!

This is the point the Martinists endeavour to arrive

arrive at; they prepare themselves by the exercise of every virtue; they speak of the Divine Being with a veneration and love which seizes on the heart, and all that the christian faith can inculcate is not violated by their precepts or example. With political questions they have nothing to do.

Who would have thought that after the Encyclopediasts would come the Martinists; but these last have not one single feature of that proud sect of philosophers.

It is impossible to say how the church, our literary men, and government, will arrange matters with them. A sect desirous only of connection with an intellectual world is not likely to interfere with whatever mankind busy themselves about; they aspire neither to power, riches, nor fame; they are wrapped in thought, and seek only that perfection which is mild and virtuous, and are desirous of conversing only with spirits; such people surely never can be dangerous.

Some young men of distinguished rank and education have adopted these extraordinary ideas; leaving to others the electric apparatus, the crucible, and the researches into the composition of fixed air, they pretend to have acquired the physical proof of the origin of good and evil, and of the effect it has upon man, and upon material and immaterial nature.

What is this after all but the basis of every government,

government, of civil and criminal justice, of the sciences, of language, and the arts.

To hold converse with angels, to fix the mind on the first principles of science, will draw us into contempt of natural philosophy, chemistry, and every inferior consideration.

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## CHAP. CLXXXVII.

### THE CARMELITES.

**M**ADAME Louisa of France, daughter of Louis XV. took the veil of the order of Carmelites, and pronounced her vows in the monastery of St. Denis, and her thus giving up the splendour of a court for the austerities of a cloister became the topic of general conversation for a length of time. The Dutchess de la Valiere, mistress of Louis XIV. also became a Carmelite in 1675, and passed five-and-thirty years in penitence.

Their method of living is austere, but temperance and great regularity is also the cause of their living to an advanced age. Here is a subject for reflection for those who are so attached to this world and the good things it contains; but excess of every kind must be avoided, and the example of the Carmelites is a lesson to us, that temperance  
in

In eating and drinking, and that scanty but regular meals will always extend our days far beyond those of such as give themselves up to the pleasures of the table.

So far as this goes the Carmelite sisters are of use in giving an example to mankind of the benefits arising from abstemiousness and regularity, and a constant lesson to gluttons, who can hardly think it possible that bread and water, with vegetables, will not only sustain life, but give health and spirits.

Sister Louisa Marie of France, a most austere Carmelite, had the satisfaction of seeing many of that religious order, animated by her example, condemn the relaxation which had by degrees intruded itself into their order, and adopt every rigorous discipline of its primitive regulation.

Sister Louisa Marie of France, to protect on every side the regulation she adopted, prevailed upon her royal father to obtain from the Pope an order enjoining severer austerities to the barefooted Carmelites, which they were under the necessity of complying with, to the great edification of the holy sisterhood at Charenton.

"If I would seek for the happiest or most miserable man in the world, I would look for him in a cloister," said the Abbé Trublet, and one cannot but say that his remark is perfectly right.

## CHAP. CLXXXVIII.

## BEHEADING.

**W**HILE the punishment of hanging is common, that of beheading is almost unknown. When a man is executed by decapitation it is long remembered, and spoken of as an extraordinary circumstance. The last person who fell under the axe was Count Lalli; he was beheaded on the 9th of May, 1765, after being carried to the place of execution on a tumbril, bound with cords.

Prejudice consigns the relations of those who have been hanged to disgrace, but none is attached to those of the man who is beheaded, therefore nothing can be more false with us at least than the maxim contained in that line which says :

The crime and not the scaffold causes the disgrace.

The exact contrary happens to be the truth, and the reigning opinion quite unjust. But perhaps this remark might have been just in the patriarchal days, when the heads of families were brought to condign punishment for not fulfilling the duties of their station; but in these days, when the son just starting into manhood quits the protection of the father, and the brother is early estranged

estranged from the brother, what wonderful mischief has not this idle prejudice been the occasion of?

A descendant of the Montmorenci's and the Biron's will with pride enumerate the branches of their family who have been beheaded; nor will the relations of Count Horn, though he was guilty of the vilest assassination, and broken alive for it on the wheel, lose that reputation in the world which a poor shopkeeper shall experience, because perhaps his brother-in-law, whom he never saw, came to be hanged.

People of rank have thus contrived to get rid of the odium, while they throw it on the lower ranks of society. Shall it be said that a whole family is to bear the public odium for the crime of an individual. Our neighbours see all this in a very different light, and revolt at such an ill-founded prejudice.

And why is it so with us? because the judge will sometimes stop from pronouncing sentence on a criminal when he beholds a family that will be dishonoured by it: thus it is that the punishment of hanging may be said to fall only on the dregs of the people, while the superior ranks in society escape with impunity; thus therefore do our punishments lose their terror and our laws their majesty.

And indeed arising from this opinion have been seen most infamous actions. An example will serve.



serve. A family knowing that a cousin of their's was to be hanged, contrived to get admittance to him in the prison, and mixed poison with his victuals, and this action met with applause, to such a degree does false honour blind mankind, for indeed can there exist a greater crime than this, which militates against every law both human and divine? Perhaps the miserable wretch who is hanged has committed only some paltry theft, while the man who is beheaded has been guilty of the most flagrant crimes against his country and human nature, and the son of the first shall be shunned and dishonoured, while that of the latter perhaps shall arrive at distinction and public honour: thus it is disgraceful to be hanged for a small crime, while it is almost become honourable to be beheaded for being a traitor to the country. Surely if mankind would seriously consider, these false opinions would fall to the ground. But what is to be said of the abettors of them? do they not deserve the severest punishment?

"We do not know how to cut heads off in a proper manner," said an old officer, as he was walking in the Tuilleries; in the time of Cardinal Richlieu we were adepts; the stroke of the scymetar was like that of the lightning. "And how did they at that time behead people," said an ignorant fellow to him. Our officer, passing at once from serious matters to pleasantry, replied, "A gentleman  
man

man condemned to be beheaded by Louis XIII. desired the executioner not to give the blow till he made the signal ; this he did more than once, thinking the executioner had not taken notice of it, who only said, ' Enough, enough, Sir,' and off went his head."

Our simpleton conceived a great idea of the talents of the executioners in the reign of Louis XIII. and deplored the ignorance of his own times, wherein the art of cutting off people's heads with dexterity was lost.

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## CHAP. CLXXXIX.

### CONTRAST BETWEEN THE PEOPLE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

**T**HE manners and the character of two neighbouring nations, rivals in genius and in arms, offer a very remarkable contrast exceedingly gratifying to our curiosity, and is of infinite use to the cause of human nature, while an honourable emulation excites both nations to obtain the palm of superiority. Every motive which has hitherto estranged them to each other, thanks to philosophy, is fading away, and the time is not perhaps far distant when each nation will be reconciled to opinions and customs which at this moment appear futile and erroneous.

It

It is certain that nature never formed a greater difference between two people so near to each other; even the system of morality is not the same, which is most wonderful to any thinking mind, and pass only from Calais to Dover and you are in a new world.

Philosophy, which embraces the universal good of mankind in preference to that of any particular nation, keeping a just balance between the national pride of these two nations, has not yet been able to determine to which of them to give the preference, ever wisely advising both to profit by an exchange of ideas. This wise advice, if followed, might go a great length, demonstrating in an unequivocal manner the possibility of a firm and lasting alliance, highly advantageous to both countries, an alliance which is esteemed a chimera only by dabblers in politics, servilely attached to their own manners and customs.

These politicians perhaps, skimming only on the surface, do not perceive that everywhere around them a great change is taking place, and that the progress of the human mind, becoming as it does every day more enlightened, calls aloud for this useful union. When a philosopher peruses the page of history, he perceives that mankind have constantly been employed in doing what they ought not to have done.

And indeed it may be justly observed, that if the English and French, by a mutual intercourse  
both

both of trade and sentiment, could do away this ancient jealousy, which has continually blinded them to their true interests, they would very soon perceive how very ill-founded has been that national antipathy, and that they are designed by nature to unite the powers of their minds, and by that means peacefully obtain the superiority over the rest of Europe.

And such an union, so plausible in the eye of the philosopher, and indeed the secret wish of many profound politicians, would disseminate science by the example of such an happy innovation.

If the English appear to have the advantage in the simplicity of their manners, and the exercise of domestic virtues, cannot the French enjoy the same by only giving the preference to ease and convenience instead of a vain display of luxury, which sacrifices real happiness at the shrine of prodigality?

And notwithstanding all our exertions, it must be confessed that neither experimental philosophy, nor arts and manufactures, have attained among us that pitch of perfection that they have with the English. Happy country, which enjoys a constitution the best adapted to preserve a just equilibrium between the laws and the dignity of man. May this nation, after having extinguished their civil discords, and shewn the greatness of their resources in an alarming crisis, offer to their neighbours a participation of their wealth, their im-

proved knowledge, and the arts, and thus reap a solid advantage by an exchange with those of France.

Already do our ladies wear the cap called the Union of France and England, and there is more good sense in this new invention than in many diplomatic works.

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## CHAP. CXC.

### THE BICETRE.

**T**HE Bicetre is an inveterate evil in the government, which it is impossible to investigate without turning with disgust from the subject. When you approach it every object points out the horror of this prison; the very air is tainted at a considerable distance, and you perceive that you are drawing near to the abode of misery, wretchedness, and misfortune.

The Bicetre serves for a retreat to those whom either the events of life or carelessness have led into a wrong path, and reduced to the miserable necessity of supporting an existence by begging; it is also a prison where those who have committed depredations on the public are shut up. Bicetre is a word which no one pronounces without feeling emotions of horror and contempt, as it is become the receptacle of the out-casts of society, and is filled with hardly any one but rogues, vagabonds,

bonds, thieves, pick-pockets, and coiners; but how deeply is sensibility wounded, when we perceive under the same roof the lunatic, the aged, and the cripple; they are called the distressed objects of charity; but how dreadful a circumstance is it that they should be associated with this crowd of malefactors, who inspire more indignation than pity.

Speaking once to one of these objects of charity, I said to him, "What would you wish for, my friend?" "Oh! Sir," replied he, "if I had but a penny a day."—"Well, what then?" "Why then I would not sleep more than three in a bed."—"And if you had two-pence a day?" "Why then I would get some wine twice a week."—"And if you had three-pence a day?" "Why then I would occasionally get some meat." An English gentleman, who was with me, gave him wherewith to purchase his wine, eat meat, and even to sleep alone for at least a year and a half to come; and indeed I do a violence to myself in not mentioning the name of this Englishman, so eager was he to yield to the soft impulse of humanity.

The Bicetre is situated on a hill, between the village of Ville Juif and Gentilly, about three miles from Paris; and this situation is well chosen for the restoration of health, and from that situation is less liable to infectious disorders than most of the hospitals in Paris; and if the Seine

could be led to the Bicetre, no hospital could be placed in a better situation.

As a remedy for this inconvenience, wells are constructed, which furnish the water that is necessary, and which is used by every one except the officers of the Bicetre, who every day procure water from the Seine.

One of these wells is particularly taken notice of from its large dimensions, and its depth, but principally on account of the great simplicity of the machinery by which the water is raised, by means of two buckets, which ascend and descend alternately; and it is not long since, a dozen horses were daily employed in this work, which is now performed by the healthiest and most able of the prisoners. Monsieur Le Noir has the credit of having proposed this very proper alteration, which might be still improved, as it sometimes happens that there is not water sufficient to supply the baths for the sick; and as water which has passed through leaden pipes is sometimes hurtful, it would be proper to remedy this inconvenience.

The number of the inhabitants of the Bicetre is not fixed, and it is generally greater in winter, because many of those who can procure work in summer are obliged to have recourse to this hospital in the winter season, when their number sometimes amounts to four thousand five hundred.

Alas!

Alas! how much does mankind resemble flies, alive in summer, and half dead in winter! Does nature treat us like flies? The poor, indeed, a little resemble this insect, whom the sun revives and animates, and whom the winter shrinks up into inactivity. O ye Lazzaroni of Naples! naked and vagabond, yet free, and always under a vivifying sun—but stop, we are at the Bicetre.

Female attendants, under the direction of a superior, have the management of this place. If any thing surely can inspire the dread of poverty, and awaken the love of industry, it certainly is the Bicetre, for there is seldom that reason for compassion, which softens the heavy weight of misfortune. The poor in this place are deserted beings, and are made heavily to feel the weight of that charity which is sparingly bestowed upon them. The poor man indeed often becomes so from his misconduct; but he is poor. Let humanity remember only that he is poor, and forget the rest.

An hospital is unavoidably the seat of many abuses, for it is impossible that the attention of government can penetrate to its inmost recesses; and it is too true, that one evil begets another. Ye who sleep upon a bed of roses, have ye ever fathomed the depths of misery, surrounded as you are with every elegance and every superfluity?

Madame Necker, while her husband was in place,



place, having visited this miserable abode, was deeply affected at a sight which spoke so loud to her feelings.

The air of the room called St. Francois was so overcoming and infected, that it generally overpowered those whom humanity brought there. She beheld six miserable wretches in one bed, lying in their own filth, which very soon occasioned death. She charitably made use of the power she had, so that only two persons slept in one bed, where a partition in some measure prevented the seeds of infection from communicating their baneful influence.

It was indeed a dreadful room, where five or six wretches huddled together infected each other from a corrupted breath, the effect of their vices; where despair irritated an already savage disposition, so much so that the attendants never presumed to carry them even their allowance of food without fixed bayonets. It must be allowed that this was the allotted situation for, perhaps, the greatest villains on the face of the earth.

I confess I feel a satisfaction in not being under the necessity of painting in blacker colours these detestable cells; and to announce that, according to what I said in my book, entitled, "The Year Two Thousand Four Hundred and Forty," that this infernal chamber, enlarged and made more airy, no longer exists; and that the sick, who used to expire in this sink of corruption, sleep in a situation

tion free from contagious infection, which actually recalled to one's mind the punishment of Mezentius, where the living malefactor was fastened to a dead body.

It is true this was the sink of Parisian filth; but is humanity to be outraged, even in the person of those who have merited our detestation and abhorrence?

Even at the very entrance of this hospital the air is contaminated; but perhaps that may be in general the case, and a circumstance impossible to prevent.

Vauvenargues has said, we have no right to add to the miseries of those we cannot reclaim; what then is to be said of those narrow cells built one over the other? But it is affirmed that the wretched persons who occupy them are, even thus, treated with a lenity they do not deserve.

In this place they are only allowed a small bit of iron, with which they contrive to perform different pieces of straw work; those who are situated below are the best off, for they contrive to carry on a little traffic, and even to employ others.

A wretch on his first arrival does not know how to set about this kind of traffic, till one of his companions in misery explains to him the necessary steps; and all this is done without being able to see one another, by means of a number of small mirrors, which are contrived with great ingenuity to reflect from one another: by this means they  
hold

hold intercourse with each other, and the one on the highest floor will thus communicate with one on the ground floor.

There is a kind of sentinel, who keeps one of these mirrors in his hand, and by this means gives information of all who enter the gate. There is a woman, says one, she is dressed so and so, and immediately all the prisoners consult their mirrors to examine this woman, whom they see only by reflexion, and she no doubt conceives that every prisoner is in raptures with her shape and air.

They are permitted to read the Gazette of France, and he who can read best takes the paper; at the mention of any name, I know him, says one; I have seen him, says another; and these observations are sometimes accompanied with witty remarks.

The spies of the police, when they fail in their duty, are committed to this prison; but great care is taken to keep them apart, for otherwise those whom they have been the cause of being confined here would tear them to pieces; their abominable profession destroys indeed all compassion for them. Sometimes these persons are very young, becoming spies and informers perhaps at sixteen years of age. There are also subterraneous dungeons; in one of these the accomplice of Cartouche dragged on a miserable existence for thirty years; he obtained this favour for having betrayed him, if it can be called a favour. Two or three times

times he pretended to be dead, in order to be carried up and catch a mouthful of fresh air, and when he really died at last, it was hardly credited, and the surgeon was a long time before he would take off his iron collar.

From time to time an insurrection will happen at the Bicetre. On the first of February, 1756, they waited for the hour of vespers as most favourable to their intention; they secured the sentinel, and got into the guard-house, where they seized the arms, but the sentinel having had time to fire his musket, the guard assembled, and in the battle which ensued two archers were killed, as well as fourteen of the mutineers. Many got off, but were soon retaken by means of their dresses, which they are obliged to put on when they first come to this prison.

Being interrogated, they replied, that the cause of their revolt was occasioned by the great diminution of their allowance, which at best consisted but of bread and water, with a small allowance of meat only once a week; and that they only wished to be revenged on those who thus starved them; and that, tired of life, they were in despair. They were taken at their word; some were hanged, others severely flogged, and more rigorously confined. Here follows a fable from the German, which ought to be engraved over the door of the Bicetre, the public ought to be acquainted with it, for the moral is plain and easy.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CXCI.

## CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT.

“ **O**NCE upon a time the Crimes escaped from  
“ the place of their confinement, and with  
“ horrible out-cries rushed out, and covered the  
“ face of the earth; the grass faded beneath their  
“ feet, forests shrunk at their approach, and cities  
“ were filled with discord and dissension. On they  
“ went, hand in hand, as usual, with a horrible and  
“ triumphant joy, when one of them, looking be-  
“ hind him, perceived Punishment, who with a  
“ wooden-leg came limping after them. ‘Ah,  
“ ah,’ cried the infernal troop, with bursts of  
“ laughter and derision, ‘if you cannot get on  
“ faster you must make the circuit of the globe  
“ full a hundred times before you catch us.’  
“ ‘Run, run as fast as you please,’ replied Pu-  
“ nishment, ‘but however you may endeavour to  
“ escape from me, I shall be sure to overtake you  
“ at last’.”

But if there are here the worst of villains, there are also objects of commiseration and poverty, which naturally draw forth the following reflections:

Every animal is provided for at its birth by the hand of nature; but how many children are born, who, on coming into the world, have not the  
smallest

smallest means of existence. The wild beasts have their dens; but man, if born without inheritance, has not the smallest property, nor a place to rest in; he cannot even hide his head in a loft, but perhaps the proud owner will drive him out; all that is allotted to him, alas, is a grave! And many men have literally nothing but their arms, and even these are employed in the service perhaps of a hard master, and he who possesses nothing is always the declared enemy of the opulent.

The poor man has hardly any resource; he must be ill before he will draw compassion, and he is buried without expence, because it is known his body would soon become offensive. How much better would it be to assist him when nature requires it, than defer that assistance till he is at the point of death.

How does the catalogue of wretched and miserable individuals daily increase, who daily fall a sacrifice to oppression and the unfeeling hand of power.

Where, alas, is the remedy for these disasters? Good men endeavour to discover it, but I fear it can arise only from time and conviction, from humane reflection of hearts prone to humanity. If in a thousand extravagant ideas, one, only one, is found just and practicable, how amply will it repay the labour and value of the book!

CHAP.

## CHAP. CXCII.

## THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

**T**HE Champs Elysees is too straight, and not sufficiently diversified for a pleasant walk; besides, its being so close to the great road of Versailles makes it disagreeably dusty; and as there is no water, every thing appears parched up. This is much to be lamented, for the place itself, being of great extent, furnishes a various and extensive prospect; but indeed no place can be complete without the addition of water, which refreshes and relieves the eye. How does it happen that the wildest place has its charms? Because we see a water fall, which tumbles from a precipice, winds through a valley, and loses itself by degrees from our sight.

## CHAP. CXCIII.

## THE PEDESTRIAN.

**W**ALKING will very soon be exploded, men of genius and literature however, still go on foot; there is certainly great spirit in keeping a carriage, but genius trudges through the mire.

When

When a man of talents, ill used by Dame Fortune, quits a drawing room full of people, who keep their carriages, he traverses the court-yard of the house, where the horses are still champing their bits and pawing the ground, and glides as silently as he can between the wheels of the carriages to get at his vile hackney coach, which stands in the street, and enters into it with a kind of conscious inferiority, without daring to look behind him. If the blaze of the flambeaux of some elegant carriage throws a light on his wretched vehicle, he does not presume to take any notice of those very ladies with whom, only a few minutes before, he conversed with freedom; yet, perhaps, the dirty coach, which he hires at thirty-pence an hour, may contain a Homer, or a Plato.

A carriage is the grand object of every one in the scramble for wealth. At the first fortunate event, a man will set up his one-horse chaise, then a chariot, and afterwards the coach for himself, and, last of all, one also for his wife. When his fortune is established, his son must have his cabriolet, the steward has his cabriolet, the house steward also goes to market in his cabriolet, and very soon I expect the cook will keep his cabriolet; and all these infernal vehicles every morning annoy the foot passengers.

The first thing a physician does is to set up his carriage, which in general is not a very superb one; it stands in the gateway leading to his house,



house, and fills it entirely up, with the horses' noses almost thrust into the doctor's anti-chamber. Behold him coming out of his apartment, with his wig full dressed, his black coat, and his ancient coachman ready on the box. It would be impossible to get up stairs till he has passed; but no matter, the doctor keeps his carriage, he is therefore in repute; for if Boerhaave was to appear on foot in Paris, no one would consult him, and even if he was consulted, no one would pay him.

Such a person, instead of having his country house, his library, and even a mistress, keeps his carriage, on which he spends half his income. He sups every night in town, and sets down the ladies, and carries them next day to some public exhibition, while their husbands use their own carriages to gratify their own inclinations; and the women make it a rule to pay not the least attention to a man who does not keep his carriage; and perhaps they have some solid reasons for so doing.

And, indeed, how is it possible a lady can exist without a carriage? must she not, in the short space of twelve hours, attend the review, the opera, the ball, &c.? Perpetual motion seems exemplified in the composition of a dissipated woman of fashion.

Thus the first thing a country gentleman on his coming to Paris has to do, even if he has not more, than ten thousand livres a year, is to set up his carriage, which will cost him a hundred crowns a month; and even if he makes little or no use of it,

so

so much the better for him. If he is cunning, he will get forward by accommodating proper persons with it; if, however, he does not go to this expence, he is a ruined man.

Some people only keep a carriage in winter, saying, in summer it is such fine weather that there is no occasion for one; but the truth is, they cannot spare more than eight hundred livres for this purpose. Under the necessity of making a choice between the seasons, they set it up on the first of December, and put it down the thirty-first of May, when people of fashion leave town; but it is a matter of much difference of opinion, when a man has only an income of eighteen hundred livres, to which season of the year he shall give the preference, there is much to be said on both sides, nor is it yet determined. Thus a man of this description resembles Castor and Pollux; sometimes he is seated in Olympus among the gods, and sometimes he is in the mud; or, sometimes he splashes other people, and sometimes he is splashed himself.

Thus merit, genius, and talents go for nothing in the man who walks on foot; but let us figure to ourselves a man exactly the reverse of all this, but lolling in an elegant carriage; every attention is paid to him, and he is caressed and admired. Infatuated mortals! it is thus you decide!

CHAP.

## CHAP. CXCIV.

## CONFINED ANIMALS.

**T**HE more indigent people are in Paris, the greater number of dogs, cats, and birds they keep all huddled together in a small room; generally speaking, you can smell them before you see them; and it is a custom among them to breed rabbits, which they feed with cabbage leaves picked up in the street; they afterwards eat these rabbits, which makes them pale and yellow. Their hen roost is close to the bed, and the greatest distance from the rabbit hutches to the spit which is to roast them, is not more than four feet at most. The children of the family inhale this infectious atmosphere. All this is the result of extreme poverty; and when the tax-gatherer comes, with his handkerchief up to his nose, they will offer him a rabbit in payment.

Tailors, shoemakers, and men of all sedentary professions, keep some animal or other confined in a cage, as if they were determined to make it a partner in their bondage. Perhaps it is a magpye shut up in a little cage, where the poor animal passes the whole day in hopping up and down, and endeavouring to escape. The tailor looks every now and then at the magpye, and is resolved he shall be his constant companion.

All

All the old maids have got their dogs, who deposit their ordure upon the stairs; but this is passed over in Paris, because the Parisians prefer dogs to cleanliness.

Have you never observed our affected and conceited dames taking their dogs under their arms to give them an airing, while the children are left at home to the care of a servant? When the poor man does not permit his dog to follow him, either from the fear of losing him, or that he is going farther than he chuses to take him, he shuts the poor animal up, where he howls and yelps till his master returns; in the mean time the adjoining houses are disturbed with the noise.

Another keeps a parrot in his window, and a studious man perhaps, a philosopher or an historian, is all day long tormented with the squalling of this animal.

All these animals, too numerous by far, neither contribute to the health nor quiet of the town; many of the rooms which contain them are full of infection; and what is worse than all, they consume the bread which ought to go to the children of these poor people, who seem to increase the number of these animals in proportion to the great expence of maintaining them.

## CHAP. CXCV.

## HOTEL FOR INVALIDS.

**T**HIS is the most exemplary institution established during an epoch of national grandeur. Soldiers are no longer seen, as Young expresses it,

“ Extending their remaining arm  
To beg their bread from those their valour sav’d.”

But that which most powerfully operates on the feelings, is to behold those who are no longer enabled to feed themselves served by the hands of daily attendants. These sad reliques of the mad fury of war; these men, as the poet finely defines it,

“ Already half entombed,”

can no longer accuse their country of criminal neglect. A lenient government has effaced the rigour of a discipline too severe; for as this hotel is an asylum of peace and repose, as it is deemed a recompence, it is necessary that those sad and severe orders, which become a camp, should be totally banished from this spot. This structure is of stone, and the veteran soldier is surrounded by massive walls. Its vaults, through which even in summer the sun never penetrates, serve to render the edifice cold and gloomy to old age. Long ranges of buildings, dark stair-cases, and slippery flooring to the galleries, diffuse an air of melancholy through this edifice.

The

The soldiers are lodged promiscuously, and order and cleanliness has not been established in these spacious chambers; but the officers, when compared with the soldiers, are well lodged; they generally seem well satisfied with their situation, and such a confession is as good as a studied panegyric.

The same brotherly love is not to be found here as in a camp; every inmate seems a solitary being, and the greatest indifference reigns among those who were formerly so much united; this arises from a conviction that the danger of battle, the society of arms, and the fatigues of war, are no more. The different regiments being blended, the soldiers no longer know each other; hence arises but few interchanges of favours; military spirit no longer manifests itself but in dreams of glory; the asylum opening no new prospect of advancement, every one lives but for the present, and repays himself with thoughts on the past.

Old age has its infirmities, and one of these is peevishness of temper; it is therefore necessary to meliorate their state, which has been done within these late years. An administration, lenient in its measures, has allowed them many innocent indulgences, since which every man acts as his fancy dictates, and is thus content; a particular advantage which strict and general laws could not allow. Let us again explain: since repose is requisite, it is necessary that these invalids should  
P 2 enjoy

enjoy it to the full extent, and it is this which constitutes their principal recompence.

The cupola is magnificent, and excites the curiosity and admiration of strangers.

The kitchen is remarkable for its immense cauldrons and numerous spits; and the speedy and exact distribution of the plates and dishes, the serving of wine in leaden pint measures, is done with a rapidity that excites the beholder's astonishment.

So much is mankind averse to subjection, that these invalids rarely appear in the refectory, but to carry away their portion of food, which they afterwards exchange and divide according to their fancy; and this liberty, which satisfies every one, prevents innumerable complaints. Experience has convinced us, that trifling pleasures enjoyed without restraint are grateful to all men, and that they are preferable to far greater enjoyments, when prepared with a degree of regularity.

Louis XIV. bequeathed his heart, by will, to the Jesuits, who placed it in their church, as a monument of his royal affection for the society; now they are extinct, would it be acting in contradiction to his intention to place it in the *Hotel des Invalides*, for where could the deposit be more worthily placed than in such a magnificent temple?

Louvois intended the magnificent subterranean vaults beneath the church as the burial place of  
the

the French kings; and it was also his intention to remove thither the tomb of St. Denis.

Cardinal Bouillon, when ambassador at Rome, employed the most skilful sculptor to form a mausoleum for his nephew, the Marechal Turenne. This monument, worthy of perpetuating the glory and exploits of so great a man, should have been raised in the very centre of France, his native country. But the Cardinal's disgrace put a period to the work, which was deposited in the granary of the Abbey Cluni, where it still remains in the packing cases which inclosed it when brought from Rome.

Might it not be expedient to take it from thence, and place it in the *Hotel des Invalides*, where it would be properly situated, and more conformably to the wishes of those brave veterans who inhabit it? It is here that the posterity of that great general reside.

There are cannons placed against the lesser moats at the *Hotel des Invalides*; these were formerly fired when the king passed. To this discharge all Paris lends an attentive ear; the newsmonger descends from his room, in the hope of hearing confirmed the news on which he had betted. Alas! it is nothing more than the king passing by to the chase. Disappointed he seeks his apartment, out of humour with the guns, which did not publish the victory he had announced.

CHAP.



## CHAP. CXCVI.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE PETIT CHATELET.

**A**T length this antient building, which had something disgusting in its appearance, the barbarous vestige of the age of Dagobert, an unwieldy edifice, presenting itself in the very centre of so many buildings of superior taste, where the council of sixteen brought Brisson, Larché, and Pardif to the scaffold, this Gothic building, which had become a prison, falls at length, and yields its site to the use of the public.

I have passed over its ruins; but how painful to the feeling mind to behold its vaults half open, its subterraneous dungeons, receiving for the first time during a long period of years the light of the sun. The mind in this situation pictures to itself the victim long inclosed in its dark recesses; nor is it possible to avoid the reflection, that in a place fit only to receive the dead, the dismal abode of solitude and despair, numbers have suffered a long and rigorous imprisonment.

These dungeons are now to be converted into cellars of the houses which will immediately rise on its foundation. But will not its very walls still echo with the sighs of despair? who will deposit there his casks of wine? who can ever drink of it without the bitter remembrance of those who have

have languished between its walls, enduring every agony both of body and of mind ?

May a vigilant and wise government efface for ever every trace of such despotic cruelty !

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## CHAP. CXCVII.

GLUCK.

**A**T this time it is become most necessary to establish an academy for music: Gluck sensibly felt the want of such an institution, and every French and foreign composer justly complain that our execution does not display the efforts of genius in the composition; shall we then, more proud even than the antient Romans, abandon the musical art to vain pretended performers, who have neither soul nor sentiment ?

In the ancient country of the Brutus's and the Camilli, academies for music were established, as in later times they were for painting.

The Pistacchi of Bologna, the Brivii of Milan, the Redi of Florence, the Porpora of Naples, are as justly famous among the amateurs of arriettes; as are Carrachi, Michael Angelo, Paul Veronese, Corregio, and Raphael, among the admirers of painting.

We cannot but regret the loss of these virtuosi of both sexes, who are long deceased, when we compare them with our present performers; and a  
musical

musical academy is become most necessary to enable our vocal performers to attain any degree of perfection, who are contented to follow a dull routine instead of aiming at the sublimer parts of the art.

Why cannot the character of voice, expression, tints of sound, if I may be allowed the expression, be produced on paper in the same manner as the pencil portrays the passions and sentiments of the mind upon canvass? How delightful would it be, if we could thus have in a manner before our eyes, after their decease, those admired vocal performers, the remembrance of whom by those who are yet alive to remember them, would still cause the most enthusiastic emotions; a Porpora, whose voice was so sweet, whose taste was so refined, and whose powers were so great, that he could draw his breath without it being perceived; a Ferri, who would run up and down two octaves in a breath by continued trill, marking the chromatic gradations with the greatest nicety; a Tassi, whose lively action and manner, whose neat articulation and animated gaiety fully expressed the different shades of humour and eccentricity; and that Curzoni, surnamed the Angelic Singer, because he possessed the rare secret, in the management of his voice, to raise to sink, or vary it by undulations and trills; and those scientific accomplishments which cause every nerve to vibrate with ecstasy and rapture.

It

It was the Italian school which formed all these admired performers; why then shall not we follow their example? We already have our military, our riding academy, and our schools for painting.

An establishment for vocal music would be greatly preferable to the royal academy for music, an institution that never had any thing of royal in it but the name, and nothing academic in it but the disputes and dissensions of its principals, where a miserable set of chorus girls, a species of automatons, followed the old routine, and who kept time, not according to the rules of art, but by the signal.

To give excellency to vocal performers, not only theory but example is necessary. It is possible that a painter, a poet, or an architect, may pay no great attention to the masters themselves, from whom they draw their knowledge; but then the students always have their works before their eyes, and by that means they are enabled to arrive at perfection; but with the student of vocal harmony it is quite a different thing; he has nothing to copy from; for a vocal performer does not and cannot leave behind him his grace, his enthusiasm, nor the tone of his voice, nor any of those accomplishments which form the excellency of his art. A written piece of music may be compared to a skeleton, which we find in the cabinets of the curious: this is, it is true, a very material part in man, but we cannot contemplate them without disgust,

disgust, when despoiled of the flesh, the skin, and other parts, which constitute the beauty of the human form.

It is exactly the same thing with regard to an air sung by an unformed voice; it is but the skeleton; that only is presented to the public for applause, and that public justly turns from it with disgust. It is only connoisseurs, who can pay the least attention to it, and even here imagination must realize what the performer cannot effect.

It is however a certainty, that the Italian vocal performers are much to be blamed for that carelessness, or inattention, which they betray on the stage, when, perhaps, an interesting dialogue is going on: they are inanimate when the passions ought to be roused, and dull when their part requires animation. But a still greater fault is, that they assume the unwarrantable liberty of ogling some pretty woman in the boxes, or bowing to their acquaintance in the pit, and even that of conversing with people behind the scenes; it is as much as if they were to say, we are neither Hercules, Jupiter, Juno, nor Andromache, but your very humble servants, the harmless Petricino, the droll Mugnetino, the bashful Signora Languerini, and the tender Durancini.

Modulation is the grand secret in vocal music; it is that which gives expression, emotion, and spirit; but we have never yet felt among us the inexpressible charm of sound, managed by the exertion

exertion or sinking of the voice, passing, as I may say, in expressive tints from the softest to the highest pitch.

Indeed it must be allowed, that supposing our vocal performers had attained this excellency, yet even then they could not carry it into practice, for the orchestra would not be able to do their part, not one of them excels even on the forte-piano; the one, even at the opera, in accompanying Iphigenia, resembles a heavy coach drawn by half-starved horses, driven by an ignorant coachman. Hitherto it has been found impossible to impart any kind of excellence to these ignorant performers, and this will eternally be the case, while our young musical students are given up to those old musicians in spectacles, whom age and long habits have filled with apathy.

The orchestra, even of the sacred concert, is infected with this national evil. The managers have indeed contrived to treat us with some progress in harmony, but they are still more symphonists than musicians, conceiving that the humour ought to accompany their violins and bassoons. It is in vain that the public complain, nothing can cure them of this French madness, which delights in noise. One would think it was impossible to give emotion to the heart without first breaking the drum of the ear.

How elaborate could I be in detailing the faults in all our musical performers, especially those  
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which our singing masters give into, in which they leave the general rules so far behind them, that they are found fault with even in our public papers.

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## CHAP. CXCVIII.

### THE ROUE.

**T**HIS is a word coined and used by very genteel people, as they are pleased to call themselves; but whence does it arise that they have adopted an expression which awakens an idea both of crime and punishment, using it as they do on the most trifling occasion. They will even go so far as to say an agreeable roué. What then is an agreeable roué? will a foreigner say, who thinks he understands the French language. It is a man of the world, who has neither principle nor virtue, but who gives a polish to his vices by his engaging behaviour, who ennobles them by genius and spirit: here then is a very complicated idea, which has given birth to a new word. All the roués, say they, are not yet on the wheel.

They say of a man in any exalted station, who acts entirely without principle, that he is a great roué; his effrontery and his audacity throw a glare over his vices; if he succeeds, it is well, and he acquires the name of a man of honour; if he fails, he is given up to infamy.

If

If a foreigner should be surprised how such a word could be incorporated with our language, let him be informed that the vile jests of even executioners have for a long time been in every one's mouth.

About thirty years ago an Abbé was hanged for forgery; the unfortunate wretch clung to the bottom of the ladder by which he was to ascend to the gallows. The executioner said to him, "Come, come, Monsieur l'Abbé, mount! no boys play, if you please." All Paris repeated with delight this speech of the executioner.

A drunken fellow coming out of a public house when an execution was going on, which happened to be at night, while the malefactor was struggling on the wheel, and venting dreadful cries and imprecations, lifted up his head towards the scaffold, and mistaking the imprecation as meant to himself, said aloud, "Come, come, though you are upon the wheel you should not lose sight of good manners." All Paris caught up this madman's expression, and it made its way into every company.

When Damiens was executed, a young man pressed through the crowd to have a nearer view of the ingenuity made use of by the executioner in inflicting the torture; and the chief executioner seeing him, said, "Let that gentleman pass, he is an amateur;" and this was mentioned with pleasantry and delight.

Madame



Madame de Chatelet seeing Monsieur de Voltaire low spirited one day, and not speaking for several hours together, said to the company, who were inquiring the cause of his taciturnity, " You will not perhaps guess the reason, but I can inform you: for these three weeks past all Paris talks of nothing but the resolution with which a famous malefactor met his fate; that mortifies Monsieur de Voltaire, who now no longer hears his tragedy spoken of; he is jealous of the roué.

It is therefore become necessary that the French academy should admit this word into their dictionary, as a term in acceptance in the best company, who are to give the ton to Europe. The words traitor, perfidious man, and scoundrel, are no longer made use of; they are too pointed, and have given place to the roué, for every one perceives in that expression the vices of him on whom it is bestowed, delicately covered.

O Frenchmen, what would your honourable ancestors say, could they rise from their graves, and see their descendants making use of such language?

Thus do expressions become monstrous when sensibility is lost; but how will our neighbours, who have not such brilliant ideas, translate the word?

What will they say, when informed that the following speech of a woman, who was accused of having poisoned her husband, was received as a pleasantry.

pleasantry. When the man was dying, "Let him be immediately opened," said she, "it will then be seen how false the accusation is."

The tortures of Damiens and the crimes of Desrues often form the topic of conversation; and the character and expressions of famous malefactors are analyzed; and while coming out of the opera or play-house they speak of the roués of the Place de Greve, and the roués of the court. In proportion as men cease to esteem each other, they are less affected by the expressions made use of to pourtray their characters; and it has even been said of the author of *Dangerous Connections*, that it came from the pen of a roué: thus is a word, the meaning of which, is hardly to be understood, immortalized by the best company.

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## CHAP. CXCIX.

VOLTAIRE'S WORKS.

**B**ORN at Paris, his works appear to be entirely calculated for the capital; in all his writings he never lost sight of it, and in all his compositions he keeps a steady eye on the French academy, the pit at the play-house, the coffee-house of Procopius, and a set of young mousquetaires; he attends to nothing else; and as for foreign nations,  
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it seems indifferent to him whether they existed or not.

The writings of Voltaire seem to possess, if I may be allowed the expression, that dew which gives to flowers their beautiful enamel, and the down to the peach; brilliant, ingenious, lively, agreeable, and full of ease; but they possess no depth of thought, he skims only on the surface; two or three ideas occupy his attention entirely, and in this magic circle he continually turns, which gives a constant sameness to all his productions. On the first reading we perceive that he never changes his ideas; he is well informed, but knows not how to arrange this mass of information, and malice and inveteracy too often occupy the place of genius. He is seldom eloquent except in his best tragedies; when he moralizes he is flat, and when he treats of politics very confined in his ideas. It is a common place kind of philosophy which he makes use of, but which at the same time he knows very well how to dress and ornament.

Always a poet, (and that is his grand forte) still is it not by the fertility of ideas that he is to be distinguished, it is rather by his great versatility and the happy connection of circumstances that strike his imagination. Thus do those great generals, who have but a small number of troops, make that number appear a considerable force by their evolutions, and the rapidity of their movements.

The



The influence of the different sovereigns reached him in his study; his pen became mollified, and the name of king, emperor, and more especially that of their first minister, inspired him with ideas not altogether correct. All that he wrote as an historian plainly evinces his ignorance on grand political subjects.

He has but one aim in his *Universal History*, which is that of satire on the church, and to this he sacrifices every thing; always steady in his pursuit, all other considerations seem to escape, and to this alone he steadfastly keeps; to lay low the altar seems his grand object. The same reflections recur without end, and facts under his pen are ever of the same tissue, treating matters of consequence with an unbecoming inattention, and taking a decided tone; sometimes with an affected disdain he descends to scurrility, when he can reason no longer, but with an address entirely his own.

He has profited, says a certain author, from the last efforts of fanaticism, to tear from it all its influence; and in this he certainly has served the cause of mankind, and of this universal toleration (his favourite argument) he makes great use, plainly shewing its consequence and its advantage.

He had closely studied that species of wit, which was agreeable to the age he lived in; but this is gradually getting into disesteem, and with it part

of the credit of Voltaire. The more enlightened part of mankind are not surprised at all this, because they think he has too long been the subject of public controversy. If his works are translated, they are a mere nothing.

His taste in literature was great; but not extended; and while he abounds in beauties, originality and sublime conceptions are wanting throughout his works; in a word, he appears to have been desirous of bending to his own purpose the various gifts which nature has bestowed on her different favourites.

He had no taste either for painting or music; these two arts were entirely lost upon him; and indeed all his writings upon the arts do not bear the mark of a strong admirer of them.

He preferred Racine and Massillon to Shakspeare, Homer, and Tacitus; nor did he admire La Fontaine. He had paid but little attention to Montesquieu; nor had he a taste for Montaigne or Rabelais.

He was greatly admired by the women and young persons; and those who were pleased with his writings really thought they contained both science and truth.

To discover that he is always the same through his long career, it is only necessary to read his works throughout; the confined ideas of twenty years of age were the same at sixty; they are not the labour of his mind, but of his style.

He

He was truly a poet and an elegant writer, and he has rooted out fanaticism, and given a dreadful blow to superstition; he has spread wide the maxims of toleration and humanity, and defended innocence with a warmth that does him honour, but he was full of little and absurd prejudices, and the slave of vanity; he has flattered the great, and was too severe upon his adversaries, and has let himself down so low as to defend the cause of libertines—these are his faults.

When his vanity was wounded he became an implacable enemy, and appeared to have it written on his forehead, “ Adore me, and I will praise you.”

He is called by a fastidious eulogist, the very first of thinking beings: this piece of folly is in print.

He lived to the age of eighty-four, a space of time short enough, considering how voluminous his works are, and the learning he acquired.

Let not however the good he did at Fernay be passed over; he was justly esteemed the benefactor and patron of this place, by his liberality and his influence.

He emptied his port-folio just before his death, having all the ardour of a young student.

There is no piece of any consequence to be expected in the new edition of his works; nor has he left any thing behind him of importance to posterity.

He wrote a number of delightful letters, but the best we shall never see; certain letters will be wanting in the new edition, for they will not make their appearance for an age to come.

There is a letter of his extant from Franckfort to the king of Prussia, full of eloquence and energy, which was not usual with him; but this will not be printed in the new edition, as well as many others, which the editor has not, and never will have, and which are the most curious and interesting of the whole.

This collection, which has been promised for these four years, goes on with a tardiness which does not correspond with the impatience of the public.

There was hardly any author but what sought to correspond with Voltaire, and in general he answered their letters, as they all tended to tickle his vanity. He said to one, "You write like Racine;" to another, "Your ideas are exactly those of Corneille;" to a third, "You excel Pascal and Fontenelle." These authors took him at his word, and printed his letters as an infallible passport to the public opinion. He wrote equally to M. Blin and M. de la Harpe, you shall be my successor, you shall stand in my place, and these credulous poets imagined their merit had extorted this from the prophetic old man.

Some one said to him one day, "How can you flatter, as you do, men of such inferior talents, they will

will certainly run mad upon it?" "What can I do?" said he "it is the only way I have to get rid of them, would you have me tell them they are stupid fellows; while they think themselves eagles they would not believe me, and only sharpen their talents against me; while they seek that fame which I flatter them with, I breathe and live in peace."

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## CHAP. CC.

## THE ENRAGES.

THESE are horses which go to and from Versailles in three hours. A solicitor of favours, a courtier, may possibly want to shew themselves at Versailles; they set off at eleven, in two hours visit the bureaux, the minister, or the commis, and return home. No road is more beaten than that from Versailles to Paris. Twenty-four livres are demanded for two enragés. The animal, bathed in sweat, awaits at the gate. These horses, being always fed with hay, are full of mettle. How estimable are these enragés when bearing to the foot of the throne a sage, who, in the midst of stormy passions, those precipitate and misguided counsellors, introduces the calm of reason and the warning voice of truth. There is as much difference in the horses at Versailles as in the inhabitants of the city; some of them, fat, well fed, and well trained, possess peculiar graces; others, with a visible depression



pression of chest, destined to the humble office of carrying court-valets or provincial gentry, look as if abashed by the presence of the proud coursers, who meet them with a glance of disdain. Now that we mention enragés, and are on the beaten road, let us repair to court with that provincial family, drawn from their petty town to see the king, the apartments, and the grand *couvert*; they are all dized out, heaven knows, most brilliantly. The gown of Madame resembles a piece of tapestry; Mademoiselle presents a fashion of the date of only five-and-twenty years, and which is perfectly new in her own country. She is not wholly indifferent to the effects that may be produced by her charms; she is indeed plump and fresh, but to these attractions is unfortunately superadded a rotundity which savours of provincial insipidity. The father is in a velvet coat, a little faded in certain places; this being the economical impression of the press, which was not to be effaced: these are good people, who provoke many a laugh, which fortunately escapes their notice.

Behold me then in the gallery at Versailles From an excess of politeness Mademoiselle would have curtsied to the Swiss in livery, but the father, who knows the court, restrains her with a significant look, whispering that one must salute no one, not even the blue ribands; but for this caution Mademoiselle had infallibly dropped a profound curtsy to the royal family. I am certain she internally

nally acknowledges she has no where seen so many fine men; but though she has passed all the military of whom the guard is composed, she appears not conscious of it; in reality she feels most interest in considering the head dresses of the princesses and court ladies. The father, who in spite of Fenelon and the Abbé St. Pierre, is a warm admirer of Louis XIV. seeks his portrait, and makes on it reflections too profound to be communicated; but he apprizes me in a *coup d'œil*, that the communication of the thoughts with which his bosom labours is deferred to another time, meanwhile he is not without apprehensions lest they should be surprised in his brain, and his frigid solemnity of deportment would seem to commend to all circumspection, and political dissimulation. The mother, who was formerly young, and who appeared so to Monsieur the subdelegate, all at once perceives she is old; a secret instinct suggests that she has not the ton of the country, and she wishes to sink unnoticed in the crowd. Such, however, is the general politeness, that the good folks could not read ridicule in any countenance, I could only detect it in the sly looks stolen at this honest diverting family. The tall brother keeps close by me; but as he is young, and has an open prepossessing physiognomy, it is only observed that he is unformed, and ill-nature spares him, while liberal of sarcasm to the rest. My good people will never suspect they have diverted  
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the court, and the mother on her return will not fail in her history of this marvellous journey to say, her daughter was presented; she will in fact simply say what she believes.

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## CHAP. CCI.

### THE COURT.

WHILST the Parisian to his own apprehension enjoys the most precious advantages in the profusion of shows around him, and the facility of indulging every humour with impunity; whilst the good city of Paris, the centre of attraction to foreigners from every quarter of Europe, is to the monarch *le miroir aux alouettes*; the courtier, *ingrumentium domi nationum provisor*, as Tacitus says, guesses at the present, future, and secret dispensers of those favours which are the objects of his ambition. Where shall I find the courtier who will translate into French this *provisor ingrumentium domi nationum*, it is only for the courtier to discover the proper term. It is better, according to all who haunt court, to be the subject of a monarch than of a republic. The monarch, the dispenser of honours and benefits, bestows "as seemeth best in his sight;" he exalts one, he degrades another; he places and displaces at pleasure, and all are alternately entitled to his smile. A man cannot  
indeed

indeed aspire to the sovereignty, but he may at least aspire to high fortune, to great credit, to a post of eminence, to an immense revenue, or that *lightest of burthens*, the '*cure of souls*;' and in the possession of these peaceable enjoyments nothing is to be feared from the gusts of popular caprice. There is no subject, remote or near, who feels not some solicitude about the court, or who casts not an inquiring glance at the monarch. What mighty man is this, who commands four-and-twenty millions of human beings? in whose name every thing is executed, and for whose gratification new sensations are imagined to shed charms on existence? Every variety of pleasure awaits his call; his wants are all satisfied; even his wishes are anticipated; what idea can he have of surrounding objects? With such suggestions as these, every subject who has it in his power takes an excursion to Versailles; he enters the magnificent castle, he sees the whole court file off; but he might see it every day during a hundred years, he might every hour pace through the same apartments, and his knowledge would still rest at the same point. The air of court is impressed on a petty comptroller, or a page of the chamber; he who puts on a prince's shoe, (a shoe he could not make) looks down on the shoemaker, because he is in office. As the great lord assumes one moment a countenance as flexible as it is haughty the next, so the valets assume a tone which everywhere

where else would be ridiculous in the extreme. At court, no one walks swaggering the shoulders; the courtier bows slightly, interrogates without a glance, glides over the pavement with inimitable lightness, speaks loud, and presides in every circle, till some one bearing a name of greater weight reduces him to the general level.

Is the politeness of court so celebrated because it flows from the centre of power, or because it springs from a more refined taste? The language has there a peculiar tincture of elegance, the deportment is more noble and more simple, the manners are more easy, and raillery is polished by an exquisite delicacy; but judgment is there divorced from justice; the sentiments of the heart are nullities; a lazy crouching ambition, an insatiable thirst for wealth without effort, predominates. Among the crowd of courtiers are adventurers who come and go, are everywhere, and publish news apocryphal or indifferent; nothing is known of them, nothing inquired; the physician, the officer, the magistrate, and pontiff, with ineffable disdain for each other, have but one voice, one language, as if they were brethren. At court, there are people who charge themselves with making you bishop, president, colonel, or academician. At chapel, as Dr. Moore justly remarks, the assistants turn their backs on the priest and the holy mysteries, to gaze at the king, who is kneeling in the gallery. When a prince is sick, and unable to go to chapel

pel to hear mass, the priest rolls the altar to the foot of his bed, and there says mass, whilst his majesty, or royal highness, is inclosed within four curtains.

At court, every one studies to divine what is veiled in mystery; one draws in, as one may say, the insensible perspiration of the throne. Who will shew me the seat of the soul in the human body? I will tell him where the soul of government resides in a vast empire. When the Parisians are displeased with a royal edict, they make a song, and from that moment imagine they have annulled it. No information is obtained by treading the pavement at Versailles, but it is curious to a philosopher to repair to the *œil de bœuf*, and there contemplate the faces that pass and repass before him. Oh! Moliere, Moliere, this is poor human nature! Amidst this brilliant scene of agitation in the state cabinet, there is practised the occult art of managing a nation by pliancy and dexterity; the courser is not refractory, he is the gentlest of the gentle; he wheels round perhaps, but is guided by an insensible bridle; the motions of this fine creature are noble and engaging; he heeds no whip; he goes with promptitude, satisfied with now and then indulging a neigh; his saddle cloth is superb, his bridle gilt; he is proud of bearing his master.

The king, queen, and princesses communicate only with the nobles of the first class; these form  
exclusively

exclusively their society; and thus may princes be said to go out of the world without having conversed with a commoner. It is impossible but that there should be an infinite number of things of which they have an imperfect conception; the varnish of language at court must inevitably spoil the fidelity of the picture; good sense has an idiom more estimable than that of wit, or even of genius. Whilst people of quality remain in the drawing-room, the ministers repair to their places in the royal cabinet: what passes there I know not; but this is certain, that the surfaces only of things are exposed, and that the personæ on this important scene are little more than so many figures on tapestry; the operative part is acted behind the curtain, and so admirably are exterior movements regulated by etiquette, that even words, steps, and bows, are measured to a hair. The great may so far fathom the monarch's thoughts as to know his disposition, and sometimes to guess his thoughts; but this bound they pass not; the decorum of the palace prohibits the mention of business to his majesty, and so omnipotent is this rule, that no subject presumes to breathe a syllable of it, but by the express command of his sovereign; now and then a word of nature and sincerity escapes, and when it is the interpreter of the public voice, truth is suddenly borne to the foot of the throne; the remark, if happy, is repeated, but, nevertheless, produces not always the desired effect.

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The court is, in fact, without conversation; there reigns in it an interesting silence, which is interrupted only by words without meaning. The king makes no distinction between his courtiers in public, and however unequally his favour may be apportioned, the inequality is imperceptible. Such is the formula of politeness, to which the monarch submits. Meanwhile, as princes cannot render themselves invisible, there are valets who in time surprise the least prominent and most delicate features of their character; and it only remains for some Suetonius unobserved, or lost in the crowd, to afford the gratification so welcome to public curiosity. At Versailles, the valets in favour purchase employments and become officers of the household, so that the houses of princes are in reality resigned to domestics, who perpetuate employments among themselves, as an assured succession—they rise step by step; and thus particular secrets become the property of a dynasty of valets, who thence derive their importance. Valets at length climb about princes, nearly like the ivy which overspreads the trunk of the elm, till the eye is unable to distinguish its verdure from that of the tree. The court is a different element from that in which we breathe; its modes of existence, life, and thought, are all different from ours.



## CHAP. CCII.

## COUNCIL OF STATE.

**E**VERY prince has a council to conduct the affairs of his kingdom, without one would be impossible; he is but one; he has not, he cannot have the knowledge of many; and it is the grand object of politics to examine a question under every phasis. The great Frederic was deceived in the affair of the miller Arnold; the decision pronounced by the magistrates, who incurred his displeasure, was legal and just. The council of state is the place where political questions are discussed and solved, and where the fortune of states is nicely balanced. Admitting that the monarch has considerable understanding, he will yet be far from possessing every branch of knowledge. Sound policy has banished from the council the heir apparent and the princes of the blood. The sovereign convokes such as he deems most worthy, the lowest subject if he pleases; every member has a deliberative voice, but it is the king who decides. This trust, the most honourable that can be reposed in a subject, demands zeal and secrecy, the virtues essentially requisite to such high confidence.

We are at present ignorant of what passes in this impenetrable sanctuary, but time will gradually

dually lift up the veil, and disclose the whole to posterity. Time will surely penetrate the recesses of those souls that govern us, and on the effects of their administration will their glory or opprobrium be established. It is not surprising that at court every object wears an aspect totally different from what it has in the provinces. The accounts of the war office and of the marine are delivered every six months. Louis XV. used to shut himself up in the *ail de bœuf*, and there with two valets carefully burn them to the last sheet. These papers are still committed to the flames. All political visionaries labour for the state council, willing to enrich it with their own ideas, which they necessarily conceive the best. With men of a certain cast, the love of command is inherent; I know twenty fools who regularly make themselves kings for two hours every day; in imagination transported to the council of state, they there regulate or reform every thing. Ideas of order, polity, and beneficence are common to all men; but it is the privilege of genius alone to place itself on the summit of the pyramid, and thence descending to measure its component parts. This genius is extremely rare; the more we have of wit, the greater is frequently our distance from that calm eye-glance which is in reality synonymous with good sense in its supreme degree. A man complained to M. de Louvois, that he had sent him forty-five different projects on administration  
without

without receiving any answer. The clerk who opened the letters deemed them impertinent, and as every clerk puts himself in the place of the minister he serves, he urged M. de Louvois to vengeance; the latter, bidding the clerk take his pen, dictated the following letter:—"Among your forty-five projects there is none fit to pass under the minister's perusal, but persevere; in the multiplicity of extravagant projects with which you have favoured us, some one may possibly arise a little rational." The memorials addressed to the members of the state council are so numerous, that it has been found expedient to consign them to an immense hall, over the door of which is said to be written, "Projects of cracked heads;" an encouragement for such good citizens and feeble thinkers as obstinately persist in this application of time and talents. I have read in manuscript several plans for the regeneration of the kingdom, all combined against finance, which must necessarily be destructive of public good, since so many enlightened pens are its united foes.

## CHAP. CCIII.

## DEPARTMENT OF PARIS.

THE department of Paris is a district in which things the most opposite are united. To embrace with the first *coup d'œil* the singular events which arise together, requires elasticity of mind and imagination in no small degree. Nothing surprises, nothing at least should surprise the man who rules. The dispositions of men are occasionally directed to everything, and the game of the passions is truly incalculable. The habit of seeing these passions in full vigour inspires a peculiar sagacity, the result of daily crises. The minister charged with this department has not always time to deliberate; it is not enough that he is prompt in decision on subjects frequently intricate; he has to guard against the precipitation which blinds, and the rigour which revolts. All the vindictive ambiguous passions assail him; in his hands is the power above all others the most formidable, and as vengeance studies to disguise itself under the mask of justice, that she may seize the moment for levelling a sure blow, it is necessary he should distinguish the true motive by which men are led to him, for what calamity more dreadful than to mislead the royal authority, and impart to it the colours of tyranny? This minister delivers

lettres de cachet, and is charged with the care of the opera; he is equally supreme in the terrific castles, the prisons of state, and the steps of the ballet; the king's house and the clergy fall under his administration; he examines a knavish maitre d'hotel and a libertine curé; the same day, he summons an opera girl, to say, Why will you not sing? and to the priest who has refused the sacrament, Why will you not administer the holy viaticum? thus are objects the most dissimilar subjected to his tribunal. How can all be directed by one mind? Very well, because it is from the power of contrast that we learn to contemplate the great, and to judge of political things as a whole. The department of Paris is a kind of kingdom, since the government of the capital has an important influence, and is very extensive. No minister, on the other hand, is more happily situated to suppress abuses, to strike terror into a petty tyrant, to console an unfortunate family, to retrieve a calamity. Are not these triumphs, which address the inmost part of our being, and expand the soul in an excess of delight? But for this minister, the office of lieutenant of the police would be dangerous to his fellow citizens; it is his part to be conducted by views more ample and general, and to modify according to circumstances the rigour or the weakness of this branch of administration. As the thunderbolt sometimes bursts in the air with a terrific noise, sometimes rolls away in silence, so the

the lettre de cachet, now clamorous, is heard throughout Europe ; now mute, opens the scru-tore, or rather the chest, of some miserable wretch on the fourth story : sometimes it intimidates more than it injures, and sometimes the man on whom it falls vanishes and leaves no trace behind. Who could believe that there are individuals to whom it is a favour, a benefit ; to whom it softens the rigour of a tribunal whose judgments would be even more awful than captivity ? Among the most ingenious things ever said on the Bastile, is the following tale : Two prisoners of state, allowed to take the air together in the court, perceived a dog, who began jumping about them. “ Why is this poor animal here ? ” said one ; “ what business can he have in the royal castle ; were I in his place I would get out of it. ” “ Oh ! ” answered the other, “ he is certainly retained by force ; but what offence can he have committed ? ” “ Why, perhaps, he has bitten the dog of the minister, or subminister, which would be still worse. ”

The capital of a great kingdom always gives the tone to the other cities ; it is a petty state inclosed within the state, governed according to the spirit of the public government. Thus the city of Paris is governed in an absolute manner ; the lieutenant of the police discharges the office of public censor, and of commissary general of food ; his authority bears a strong resemblance to that of a general, he punishes, imprisons, and is at liberty

to employ the most minute and inflexible means to obtain information. He holds this great city under daily discipline, and a kind of corps d'armée are at his command to execute his wishes, which, in despite of his prudence, are unfortunately not always his own. How is the precise point of truth to be ascertained through a cut-glass mirror? The form of government then determines the police which reigns in a great city. London, being the capital of a free country, is governed by a mayor, the representative of the people, and the guardian of its privileges; he is under an obligation to guarantee to every citizen his immunities personal and civil. At Amsterdam, the study of the burgomasters and sheriffs is to encourage industry, and punish idleness; they should never abuse the confidence reposed by the burghesses. At Venice, the centre of an aristocratic state, the spirit of the police tends to prevent every popular motion, and the council often has its instruments constantly in action to watch over the safety of the state. The lieutenant de police at Paris frequently uses forms simply military; why are not these always the best, since they are assuredly the most prompt?

## CHAP. CCIV.

## INQUIRERS FOR THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

**T**HERE have been a succession of adepts in the philosopher's stone; the ignorance of chymistry was favourable to their delusions, and the few novel discoveries of later times contributed to strengthen the ardour before felt for the attainment of this grand desideratum. This circumstance is little astonishing in an age when the human mind, daringly rapacious for instruction, fell into the occult sciences of chiromancy, magic, astrology, and alchymy. The hermetic philosophy, so flattering to the avarice of man, could not want partisans in an era when gold had such numerous adorers. Among these dupes or impostors appeared an excapuchin, who made experiments on the philosopher's stone before Louis XIII., Cardinal Richelieu, and several persons of the court; the anecdote is not unworthy of insertion. This ex-capuchin, whose name was Dubois, was one of those who appear to be destined for adventure and romance. In his youth he had sailed to the Levant, but after a course of licentious conduct became a capuchin. Disgusted with this new kind of life, he threw aside his habit, and made his escape over the walls of the convent. Three years after, his restless spirit led him back to the  
seraphic



seraphic order, he pronounced his vows, and was admitted to the sacred function. At the end of ten years, he again abandoned his capuchin's garb, and travelled into Germany: there embracing the Lutheran religion, he met with some adepts, who initiated him in the study of the philosopher's stone. Either a dupe or a deceiver, he returned to Paris with the pretended secret of transmutation; and as if this sublime secret inspired new courage, he braved the censure of the capuchins, and, though a monk and a priest, was married, in the church of St. Sulpicius, to the daughter of a turnkey of the Conciergerie. A quack is always garrulous, and though he speaks only of that in which he is absorbed, speaks sufficiently. The excapuchin having seduced some weak credulous persons, who regarded him as a prodigy, insensibly gained access to Father Joseph, the right hand and counsellor of Cardinal Richelieu. The minister listened with avidity to the promises of an adept, who offered nothing less than to augment the wealth of France, and defray the expences of war. Great necessity disposes the most sagacious minds to confidence. Cardinal Richelieu believed nothing to be impossible; he did not even imagine he could be imposed on; he had affiance in Father Joseph, and it was determined that the gold manufacturer should perform his operations in the presence of the king, queen, cardinal, father Joseph, the superintendant, and others, who highly valued

valued this important discovery. The day being arrived, Dubois repairs to the Louvre with a cupel and crucible for his experiment, kindles the fire, arranges his utensils, and lest he should be suspected of imposture, accepted the aid of a garde du corps, whom the king had himself chosen for the task. Dubois then raising his voice, said, "May it please his majesty to order one of his soldiers to give me ten or twelve musket balls, which I will transmute into gold." The balls were given, and Dubois cast a grain of his powder on the lead; after which, having covered the balls that were in the cupel with ashes, he said, "May it please his majesty to separate the ashes with the bellows, or to command some other person so to do." Louis, not chusing to entrust this care to any one, took the bellows, and blowing hard from his impatience to discover the sample of the infinite riches which had been promised him, the ashes spread over the attendants, and the queen, more curious or more anxious than the rest, was overwhelmed with them; and now the ashes being all dispersed, the wedge of gold appeared. A general cry of surprise and joy succeeded; his majesty and his eminence embraced Dubois; in his enthusiasm the king declared him noble, and created him knight, dubbing him in the manner of the ancient preux chevaliers of the round table, and, to crown all, permitted him to revel unmolestedly in pleasure. Cardinal Richelieu, whom I  
have

have always admired for the greatness of his mind, felt a noble impulse; he told Louis, that all taxes and other impositions on the people must be abolished; that the king should reserve only his proper domain, with some farms and seignorial rights, as marks of his sovereignty and power. With eyes sparkling with joy he announced the revival of the golden age, and what was yet more flattering to his political genius, the supremacy of France over all the powers of Europe; he embraced Father Joseph, promising him in a whisper a cardinal's hat. The garde du corps received eight thousand livres for his assistance in this glorious work; and all the spectators, in the inebriation of joy, worshipped the ex-capuchin. This may readily be believed. If the hen in the fable, with her golden eggs, existed, she would proudly lay them at Versailles, and the gardes du corps, far from giving her disturbance, would mount guard, and form a barrier around her. Dubois made a second experiment, in which the king himself drew the crucible from the fire; the sight of a new bar of gold redoubled the universal pleasure. As soon as it was cold, it passed from the hands of his majesty to a goldsmith, who after assaying these two samples found that the gold weighed but twenty-two carats, that is, was at the current standard of coin. Dubois fearing so accurate an agreement with the coinage might excite suspicion, observed, that though for samples he made gold to this  
standard,

standard, yet in his more extensive work of transmutation it would be full twenty-four carats. The august assembly, pleased with its illusion, was satisfied with this answer. The experiments having been made, Cardinal Richelieu drew Dubois aside, and told him that for the present his majesty would want only eight hundred thousand francs per week. The empiric promised every thing on condition that ten days should be granted him to bake his projectile powder, which by some accident was *incrudd*; a scientific jargon to which the cardinal paid no attention, saying he gave him not only ten days, but twenty if he pleased. The ex-capuchin, instead of performing his task, and purifying his powder, took the diversion of hunting, feasted sumptuously, assembled all his acquaintance, regaled them with magnificence, entertained them with the success of his sublime science, and was everywhere considered as an extraordinary personage. Meanwhile the time glided away, and every thing remained *in statu quo*. The Cardinal dispatched Father Joseph to urge the gold-maker to action; he again asked some days, which were again granted him, and again spent as before. The king was no less impatient to realize his large heaps of gold, for kings can do as little without gold as the meanest individual; but the heaps not appearing, suspicions were awakened, not unassociated with the apprehension of being duped. Orders were issued to watch the  
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the motions of the empiric, and to prevent his retreat, which in reality he meditated. In a short time the cardinal, who was not overscrupulous in disposing of a man's liberty, committed him to the castle of Vincennes, where he had permission to make many attempts, none of which produced any thing. After a variety of unsuccessful trials, there remained no doubt of the imposture; in vain did the ex-capuchin represent that he could not effect his operations without liberty, and that the peculiar properties of his projectile powder were annihilated by his captivity. He was sent to the Bastile, and lodged in a dungeon. Cardinal Richelieu was not of a temper to brook so public and solemn an imposition; but with his wonted political adroitness he would not appear to have been deceived by a supernatural art, which would have drawn on him general ridicule. The private life of the ex-capuchin underwent the most rigid scrutiny, and every circumstance by which he could be criminated was exposed to view. Richelieu created a commission; the clippings of gold found in the ex-capuchin's possession were produced, and it was easy to condemn him for having adulterated the coin, or committed forgery. His wandering vagabond life afforded several grounds of accusation; he was tried, and sentenced to be hanged. When led to death, he declared he had with premeditation deceived the king, queen, and cardinal, acknowledging he had never known the  
mystery

mystery of making gold ; but that having observed the extreme credulity of men in projects promising an accession of wealth, he had determined to turn it to account, and live by those who would listen to him. He added, that he had composed and sold at a dear rate a little book, containing his pretended secret ; and that he regulated its price by the dispositions of his interested or credulous purchasers ; finally, he declared that his whole process consisted in a dexterous feat of legerdemain ; that under pretence of arranging the cupel, he introduced a certain piece of gold under the ashes, withdrawing the lead. This substitute was produced by the clippings of gold ; and it was in this manner he had boldly presumed to deceive the king, queen, and cardinal. Dubois was executed the 25th June, 1637. Suppress his tragical catastrophe, and can any subject be more ludicrous, or better adapted to arriettes and the dialogue of a comic opera ? Imagine the illustrious circle of grave sagacious personages hanging over the crucible ; imagine the juggler sporting with these important actors on the great scene of life, those actors who need gold as much as others love it, who have never enough of it, and who even embrace the man that gives them the promise of a golden shower. What a comedy for philosophy ? In the solitude of my humble closet I lay down the pen to laugh at the rulers of the world.

CHAP.

## CHAP. CCV.

## SINGULARITIES.

**I**N the first year of his reign, as Louis XIV. was reading a memorial, he met with the words, *regal right*. "What is the meaning of this," said he to M——, the minister? The minister with some embarrassment answered, "'Tis the right your majesty has on your excursions of being entertained by your subjects." "I see," said the king, "you know nothing of the matter; this cannot be. When I pleaded against the comedians and the gentlemen of the chamber, the opponent advocate called the spectacles of Paris *regal* pleasures." To this there could be no answer. Francis the First, traversing the gallery of Fontainebleau, stopped before an indigent man of letters of the name of Bouchet, saying, "Here's a head good for something, this man is far better than Duprat." The courtiers immediately surround Bouchet; "That man will become minister," cries one. "Perhaps chancellor," says another. "Does the king give him a rendezvous in the park? Well, he must be applauded; he has made verses; he must be persuaded he is a great poet; all poets are ready enough to admit the merit of their own verses." Whilst all were in anxious expectation of the advancement of Bouchet, Francis the First, calling the  
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the inspector of the buildings, said to him, (pointing to Bouchet) "There's a model for the figure of Neptune; how could you think of proposing Duprat with his little spruce beard; look at that large forehead, those wrinkles, that lank neglected hair, that long flowing beard; there's a subject for the chisel. My dear Bouchet," continued the king, "be at the park at six o'clock; I retain you as the model of a Neptune I am going to place in a piece of water." The courtiers laughed in their sleeves; ha, ha, 'tis the office of ocean's god that is to be conferred on him; he will look yastly well in the bason; ha, ha, a good joke; his verses are paltry; he is fit only to be *minister* to Neptune.

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## CHAP. CCVI.

## HOLY THURSDAY.

ON this day the king washes the feet of a dozen poor persons. In the observance of this antient and respectable custom it is impossible even for princes or courtiers to escape the reflection, that we are all originally equal; the poor man's naked foot is formed like that of the monarch. The preacher in his lofty pulpit gives a discourse more than usually impressive; he denounces the most flagrant abuses, even in the monarch's presence, tempering however the vehemence



mence of eloquence with respect. A prince of the blood presides as maitre d'hotel, and is this day confounded with the other domestics. All the incidents of this day, at court, recal the image of primitive equality; and if morality is the spirit of ages, this day is exclusively her's. The poor are served at table, and admitted to the palace of their sovereign; the next day the altars are stript of their ornaments, and the impression is effaced. "Say, priests, what right has gold to a place in the church?" says St. Bernard, almost in the words of Juvenal. Religion requires some ceremonies, a solemn worship, an imposing exterior; but the altar needs not gold or silver; hangings, flowers, snow-white linen, torches, these are all the pomp which are necessary. The luxury of Christians is to fill the hospitals, to clothe the naked. "What shall we do?" said one woman of quality to another; "this is passion week, we must perform some act of piety."—"Well observed," replied the other, "Let us make our servants fast." Apply this to the source of political errors, and you will see that it implies, these are the days of abstinence, let us make our servants fast.

## CHAP. CCVII.

## ETIQUETTE.

**P**RINCES who command the world obey etiquette; the philosopher smiles at this strange form of slavery, yet recognizes in it the equality of conditions. Those proud mortals who dispose of the liberty of others have no liberty, they are condemned to a life of perpetual representation on a stage, where even the change of scene permits not the player to resume his natural attitude. The etiquette established in courts might demand the pencil of Rabelais. Surrounded by crowds who seem to have been created but to serve them, princes are sometimes forced to wait patiently for their shoes, because the officer whose business it is to dress the royal foot happens not to be present. In Spain we have seen a faithful subject condemned to lose his life, because in snatching a queen from the flames he had borne her in his arms. To eat with a prince is derogatory to etiquette; he will converse with you, perhaps delight in you, but to eat at the same table is forbidden; his will expires in the domain bounded by the circumference of a table. Princes would have more difficulty in evading the laws of etiquette than the laws or the constitution of the state; and the monarch is frequently precluded from making a journey

ney from the impossibility of conciliating the respective pretensions of his attendants. We are apt to smile at the usages common in remote countries, such as in Loango in Africa, where the king takes his repast in different houses, eating in one and drinking in another; but habit familiarises us with such etiquettes as oppress princes more than those who surround them. I regret the banishment of the king's fool from court; of all functions this was the most necessary. A natural humourist, who had full liberty of speech, acquired the right of saying a thousand things, which might have been useful; and this laughing fool is sadly replaced by a multitude of titled fools. Kings never hear. Next to etiquette comes the protocole, or chapter of precedence. What blank space must be left in the body of a letter? what subscription affixed to it? what kind of paper used? Louis Armand, father of the late prince de Conti, having written a letter from the camp of Yron to the regent, besought him to mention any deficiency he might observe in its ceremonial, a science of which he acknowledges his ignorance. The regent answered, that as the *ceremonial* was ill calculated to promote friendship, he should beg him to write without ceremony. The precision of the protocole suggests a difference between letters and simple billets. The king of France has twenty-four millions of subjects, of whom there are not two thousand who could write to him according to the

laws of the protocole. In July, 1733, M. Bussi wrote that the empress Amelia, who had received letters from the princes and princesses of the house of Condé, entreating her to recommend to the emperor their affairs at Naples, complained of the subscription or *cortesia* being in the hand of the secretary. The protocole justifies the empress. Princes owe the *cortesia* to the electors, and much more to the empress. It was more difficult to write according to the letters of the protocole than to make the proper bow, or preserve a graceful mien before the sovereign. Etiquette is no proof of servitude; the proud Englishman, on certain occasions, bows the knee to the king; the Frenchman suffers no degradation from domestic functions; whoever approaches the king assumes a character of nobility. A prince of the blood is *maitre d'hotel*, not simply from etiquette, but from the circumstance of a large revenue being attached to that office. Etiquette decrees that the king of Spain must *thee* and *thou* every body, whilst the king of France addresses his valet de chambre with *you*. The late queen, who was scrupulously devoted to etiquette, regarded it as an essential part of sovereignty. In her last illness she one day fainted, when something being offered to her to drink, a woman said, "*she* will not take it." The queen had no sooner revived than she made this woman sensible of her fault in having irreverently substituted the vulgar term *she* for *her majesty*, and,

dying as she was, could not forbear reprehending the person guilty of such disrespectful laconicism. Etiquette is a rampart which keeps off a number of intruders. Etiquette renders the conversation at court only another sort of silence; hence the variety of motion observable in the eyes and shoulders. "Why ask for a stool when one can have a good arm chair of one's own," says the comedy; and the countess, who laughs with the public at this stroke, will, fifteen days after, ask for the stool in the queen's apartment. It is necessary to emblazon letters at the top with titles of respect. It is no easy matter to know how princes ought to write to one another. Jean Jâques Rousseau was the first who refused signing your very humble servant, but had he been in office, he would have been *excellenzized* and *monseigneurized* in spite of himself. The prelates of the last age decided in an assembly of the clergy, that they should henceforth be called your *greatness*. Superlatives are no longer in fashion; one writes not to the *most high, most magnificent, most excellent*; but these enumerations of dignity resume their place in the mortuary billet; and we are apprised that the *most high lord perished* in such a corner.

It is etiquette which gives the wife of a president the appellation of Madame la Presidente, and that of a Marechal, Madame la Marechale, as if the former dispensed justice and the latter commanded an army. Pride, which is no stranger

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ger to ennui, imagined these pastimes to fill up the vacancies of idleness, and satisfy the craving appetites of vanity. At a certain hour a princess sees her woman enter, and, whether she will or not, prepare her toilette; resistance is vain, she is compelled to obey, and follow the usual routine of ceremony; not a minute passes in which some sacrifice is not made to etiquette; count the gestures, the grimaces, the turns of the head, and you will see that minds are more mutable than barometers; no crinkled glass presents more objects.

Etiquette has prevailed time immemorial with truly despotic sway at the court of Spain. A miserable schoolmaster became, as is well known, cardinal and minister plenipotentiary for having secretly supplied the queen of Spain, who was fond of wine, with a bottle every day, the etiquette of the palace permitting her but one glass of water during her repast. It was then a matter of importance to give the wife of Philip V. a French instead of an Italian confessor and cook. Several members of the council required both cook and confessor to be Savoyards. Another dispute arose on the king's hair-dresser; he was brought from Paris, because the Spanish barbers were not initiated in the mysteries of perruques; but it was doubted whether the indiscretion of the French barber might not intermix with the artificial hair which was to deck his majesty's

head, locks clipped from the head of some roturier; a king of Spain must wear only the hair of gentlemen. The letters of the princess Ursino are curious; this princess wrote to the Marechale, mother of Adrian of Noailles, "I entreat you to say it is myself who have the honour of taking the robe de chambre." Modern humourists pretend that etiquette, the robe de chambre of Philip V. was an old short mantle which had served Charles II.; that the king's sword was a poignard, which was placed behind his bolster; that the lamp was inclosed in a dark lantern; and that the slippers were shoes without ears. It is pleasant to see what was masqued under the *ceremonial* in which the courtiers exulted with so much emphasis.

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## CHAP. CCVIII.

### CEREMONIAL.

A PRINCE of the blood at court precedes in attendance all the great officers. When the king gives audience on his throne, the princes of the blood stand on the platform according to their rank; and when the king gives audience at the balustrades, they stand close to his majesty within the balustrade; they have the honour of eating with the king at banquets. When the king communicates,

municates, they hold the napkin, and if only one is present, on him devolves the honour, which no nobleman shares with him. The princesses attend the queen in the same manner. The princes attend the queen also with the exception of the shift. The peculiar honours paid the princes of the blood are at chapel: the preacher addresses them; they have a foot-carpet and praying desk in which none participate, and the gospel and patine are presented to them to kiss; they espouse by proxy a foreign princess destined to be queen or dauphiness; they are entitled to the blue riband at fifteen; their nuptials are solemnized in the king's closet; they have a seat in the parliament at fifteen; they pass across the royal pavement. In the sittings of council the first president, when delivering his opinion, inclines his head to them, his bonnet in his hand, without naming them. The precedence of the princes of the blood over all other peers, as well in parliament as at court, is annexed to their royal birth.

Etiquette, a monarch may say, is a ridiculous thing, at which I am the first to laugh; but etiquette is the sole rampart between me and other men; that removed, I am but a gentleman; opinion is supreme. Men exist amid forms, are upheld by forms; every situation has its appropriated form to itself; but the basis of opinion reposes on slight foundations, and men must be treated like children, who are caught by a shadowy exterior.

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Such reflections as these are an outrage on reason; it is indeed necessary to make a distinction between the rising and setting of the sun; kings have their occupations, they cannot be visible at all hours. It is well to be apprised of those in which they are approachable, and of the means of gaining access to the throne; but is etiquette to be charged with all the moments of the year, when only some days of it can be subject to such slavery? Henry III. is the author of the ceremonial nearly as existing at the present period; he enacted rules for such as would enter his apartment or closet, and limited them to stated hours; he prescribed also the order of the table: as to cooks and scullions, they date their origin from the age of Louis le Grand.

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## CHAP. CCIX.

### THE SWISS YEOMEN AT THE BALL.

**I**T happened that a ball was given at court at that season in which the people, instead of dancing, are glad to blow their fingers; attracted however by the minstrelsy of mirth, the vulgar besieged the door, where they met with a repulse, because masques and dominos were the only passports to admittance. To complete their mortification,

cation, they caught a glimpse of several sideboards, well furnished with all that could please the palate or tempt the eye. This sight stimulated the appetite of the Swiss yeomen on guard; they saw the delicious stores, but how could they hope to approach them with their halberts, and without a domino? The impulse of thirst yet more than of hunger at length suggested a stratagem which proved successful; with the help of a yellow domino the most daring of the party presented himself in the hall, and disguising his heavy figure under the taffeta, took his station before a sideboard, and commenced an attack. The first shock was vigorous, but recollecting his comrades, the generous conqueror retreated, returned to his post, and resigned his domino to a new combatant, who rushed on the sideboard like his predecessor, and revelled without compunction in its pillage. At length he too withdrew to make room for a third, who under the same yellow domino committed similar depredations, and like the former champions ceded his habit to a fourth no less formidable of jaw. The court atmosphere has wonderful influence on the appetite, but the Swiss yeomen are not the only devourers. A bystander observing the same domino eat continually, and still remain unsated, concluded it was one person, and pointed out the phenomenon of gluttony to the assistants, who were like him deceived by seeing the yellow domino retire for a few moments, and then return

to the charge with renewed vigour. Is it a canon or a poet who eats thus was the question? The general surprise augmented, and the spectators began to expect the yellow domino to burst, when some one following perceived the exchange of habit, and explained the mystery to the perfect satisfaction of the assembly.

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## CHAP. CCX.

## TE DEUM.

**P**RINCES are not ingrates. No sooner is a paltry town taken than kettle drums, flutes, violins, and hautboys are sent to the church of Notre Dame, where is performed that ancient song of triumph so frequently chaunted on both sides. This musical triumph imposes however on none, since all know a concert is more easy and more common than a victory. The colours taken from protestant nations salute, whether she will or not, the statue of the Virgin Mary, and the standards assist at the mass which rejects those who bore them. If we warred with savages, we should without doubt see their tomahawks and scull-caps affixed to the sacred walls of our churches. A sovereign has more than once been known to order the celebration of Te Deum, and return thanks to God for a victory he had never gained.

gained. This public song is commonly a *chiarivari*, and whilst private families are in tears, the people are amused with music. Their erudition is exercised in repeating the name of the general who has gained a victory in America. Every one has America on his lips, without being one whit the wiser. When the monarch has a son, he returns thanks in *Notre Dame*; the queen does the same; *Te Deum* is sung. When M. Beaumarchais visited the press of Kehl, where the works of Voltaire were printed, guess the reception he met with from the workers of the press; they rang the bells, conducted him to church, and there sung *Te Deum* to celebrate the arrival of *Chrysoloque Figaro*, the editor of the *Pucelle*.

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## CHAP. CCXI.

### BLACK COAT, WHITE STOCKINGS.

MUCH ridicule has been thrown on the fashion which consisted in wearing white stockings with a suit of black. We know for certain that this fashion displeased the court, and we announce this circumstance to the universe, that the universe may correct its error. Such has been the reprobation of this fashion, it has been called the hideous mode; nor did it escape notice that the tailor boys, in the comedy of the *Bourgeois*

geois *Gentilhomme*, are dressed in the same style. This fashion is then proscribed; nor would I advise any one to shock the court, or even the city, by the exhibition of such disgusting attire. On assuming the black habit we must be black from head to foot, without any intermixture of white; and now, foreigner and provincialists, I solemnly warn you against the infraction of this important law. A person may be in black, and not in mourning; this is one of those nice distinctions obvious to the first glance. White is the hue of sorrow in China, blue or violet in Turkey, yellow in Egypt, grey in Ethiopia, and dark brown in Peru. Of all colours the yellow or *fillemot*, should seem to be the distinctive mark of mourning, since the leaves of trees when they fall, and herbs when withered, assume that tint. It is true that black, which is a privation of light, characterises the privation of life; but the yellow, in my opinion, typifies the end of perishable things better, the face of the earth becoming yellow at the end of autumn.

The chancellor is the only person in the kingdom who never wears mourning; he is the representative of justice, whose impassibility admits no change of aspect or colour. It is an error to suppose that the king never wears mourning, but in a violet coloured coat. The king wears this mourning for his successor during the first three months, but after that period is not distinguished from

from his subjects. Should it be asked why the king wears violet? we answer, that a colour formed by the mixture of blue and red presents an emblem of the sufferings of human life even on the throne, and of the tranquillity in which the dead repose. At length the monarch resumes the black to testify his chagrin in succeeding; and as it is evident that a monarch is the tender father of his subjects, every subject wears mourning for the late king as for a father or mother, and for the same time. The custom of mourning for a foreign monarch may seem to militate against this, but the Parisians are in general inclined to believe there is but one monarch in Europe.

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## CHAP. CCXII.

## MARBLE STATUES.

**A**LL kings and ministers have after death the virtues in bronze and marble around their effigies. Richelieu dies in the Sorbonne, in the arms of Religion; Mazarin, in his college, in those of Charity; Cardinal Fleury, at St. Louis du Louvre, sinks on the bosom of Faith; Cardinal Dubois, is also surrounded by virtues, in the chapel St. Honori, and with clasped hands prays devoutly. It should seem from the chisel, that all these

these shades had been pious, religious, and incessantly prostrated before the altar. To immortalize falshood, to inscribe it on the tomb of him whose conscience is perhaps still tortured with remembrance, is the work of sculptors. They transmit falshood in a durable marble, which but for the graver of history would deceive posterity, and represent the base enemies of their age, the worst foes of their fellow-citizens, as men of worth and honour. To them must be applied these beautiful lines :

*Brisez vous sous mes yeux, O marbres imposteurs,  
Eh! quoi! des os en poudre ont encore des flatteurs ?*

*Ye fallacious marbles, crumble under my eyes! shall flattery encircle the bones which are mouldering into dust ?*

Sometimes, unexpected coalitions provoke a smile from the philosopher. At St. Genevieve, at the distance of a few paces, are seen the effigies of René Descartes and Clovis. How poor in ideas are sculptors? they depart not from the circle of mythology, the same mythology is perpetually copied and re-copied. I have seen the tomb of the dauphin and dauphiness. The only son of Louis XV. died of languor, a catastrophe which certainly opened a field for reflection on the vanity of human things. This monument is lavish of pagan symbols and mythological figures, but of the mournful re-union of two wedded lovers in the tomb it says nothing; on the two victims

victims snatched by inexorable fate from the throne it is silent. It was difficult for the French people to gather from this marble what loss it had sustained, or even to conceive the tenderness of this illustrious pair.

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## CHAP. CCXIII.

### THE DUNGEON OF VINCENNES.

I HAVE shaped my course over the drawbridge of this once formidable dungeon, which no longer exists as a state prison; the sentry boxes were empty, the drawbridge was not raised after me. I entered these dungeons, secured by three double doors of iron. How many ideas rushed on my mind at the sight of those locks and bolts, and iron beds where chains were still suspended! I penetrated every recess as if an invisible god had precipitately expelled its detestable guardians! I visited this dungeon, and was free. A pretty woman hung on my arm, with whom I played the despot; in spite of her complaints, I inclosed her within the triple doors, the bolts of which were of wider dimensions than her delicate arms. Six minutes did her suppliant voice entreat for mercy through the enormous locks. In withdrawing the *lettre de cachet*, I received from her lips a voluptuous kiss as the price of my clemency;



mency ; but emotions of terror imperceptibly seized us both. I involuntarily exclaimed, “ Repeat, ye walls, repeat the groans ye have heard, the agonies ye have witnessed !—What pangs have here been felt !—Despondence and despair have tenanted these abodes ; but wherefore these doors of iron ? Were the victims to whose ears they rung a solemn, almost funereal peal, giants, that they should burst them ?—Oh ! if ever a negligent jailor forgot to unclothe them, wretched captives ! those dungeons must have been for you the walled dungeon of Ugolino.”

Reflections such as these destroyed the empire of beauty, and the impression of sadness banished from the lips of her whom I conducted the indescribable charm of her smile ; trembling she pressed my hand, and looked. Ah ! had you been here ! Our feelings underwent a painful change ; the first impression of joy was exchanged for mournful commiseration. Never have I seen a man deprived of liberty for the nobleness of his writings, or his manly courage, but I have shared his chains and his misfortunes. In my solitary vigils, by the light of a pale lamp, I have seen him, fortified his soul, and invited him to suffer some years for ages of gratitude and glory. I have almost reproached myself for participating his sentiments without the participation of his fate. Here the great Conde and Cardinal de Retz were prisoners. Here jailors, torturers, hangmen, have sported with the agonies

agonies of great men, and minds perhaps formed for great revolutions. Whilst Montesquieu wrote, those bolts held living men behind inflexible doors. What a tremendous power is that of confining men? A voice exclaims, "to a prison," and instantly the dungeon opens and swallows us from mortal view. "Here," cried I, "in days less fortunate than ours, pride, vengeance, egotism, obstinacy, error, folly, inflicted torments for a song, an epigram, or even a single printed page; who knows how far calumny may have multiplied its libels?"

I then ascended by the half broken but too well-worne stairs to the summit of this tower; the dome was sheltered from bombs as if it had been an object to preclude the prisoners there inclosed from being crushed to death by their thunder. In the different dungeons were seen the sad sports of inoccupation; people, who had never before used the pencil, had painted here in the manner of savages: one of these rude sketches struck me as a sublime effort; the prisoner had drawn several towers, and placed a head at the summit of each. This ill-fated wretch, unable to see beyond the roof, had assumed an imaginary station above the tower which he inhabited. These heads he had varied and repeated five or six hundred times successively, and never was the anguish of captivity expressed in a more simple or affecting manner. Others have traced crucifixes, whether  
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from a religious sentiment, or as a stimulus to patient endurance, I will not determine. "Where," exclaimed I, "is the GREAT CHARTER, the basis of the English government, and which was once ours? where is the act of *habeas corpus*, of which the Englishman justly boasts?" In one corner I thought the spectre of Richelieu appeared; I fancied I saw him beside Father Joseph the ex-capuchin, who may be called the inventor of spies and lettres de cachet; both seemed to flit around me, repeating that most terrible of words, state policy! And yet, thought I, the French and English set out from the same point of political and criminal jurisprudence; for in the famous convention of the states in 1355, king John signed the same charter which now constitutes the glory and existence of England. Thus essentially have two neighbouring nations diverged from their primitive character. Here my pretty companion seeing me grow serious, grasped my arm, and cried, "Away!" From this dungeon returning to-day, we perceived the Bastile. The celebrated Howard, one of those rare men who consecrate life to the cause of humanity, and to the support of human rights too often forgotten, pierced every cell subject to despotism; he explored the most inaccessible dungeons, surprised astonished wretches who during fifteen years had seen only the silent and repulsive form of their jailor, yet  
never

never could this intrepid friend of miserable captivity gain access to this Bastile, so rigorously is the gate of entrance, no less than of deliverance, interdicted. The inconceivable fact of M. de la Tude's almost miraculous escape would, was it not well attested, rank with prodigies. This is indeed a solitary instance on record, and when we consider how much it cost the prisoner, the pains, the toils, the anguish and terror he endured, it should seem a milder fate to die than to issue from this perilous fortress. If the love of liberty can suggest means so unwearied, and yet so uncertain, what torment must not that privation of freedom be, for which the *impossible* is adventured? The success obtained by this extraordinary prisoner is an exception to the probabilities of human strength. In 1562, a thunderbolt falling on one of the towers of the arsenal, twenty-thousand pounds of gunpowder blew up. In this explosion, the fortress erected by Charles V. was spared. It is still in existence, though erased from our records, but the day will come when it must fall.

## CHAP. CCXIV.

## MUSHROOMS.

*QUÆ tanta voluptas ancipitis cibi?* was the question of Pliny. It is in vain to talk of danger where sensuality preponderates; numerous accidents cure not men of epicurism; whole families are poisoned by gathering mushrooms in the wood of Boulogne, the forest of St. Germain, and at Meudon. An ordonnance of police was affixed to the gates of the wood of Boulogne, prohibiting the gathering of any species of mushroom; but gluttony was victorious, and paid the forfeiture of its folly. The late Prince of Conti having seen one of his musicians perish, with all his family, took a man remarkable for swiftness of foot into his service, whose sole employment was to hunt for mushrooms. Many noblemen in France have done the same. It is possible to distinguish such as are venomous from the innoxious. Nothing can be compared to the fragrance and delicacy of some kinds of mushrooms; they are scented with exquisite odours, though sometimes they are a dear bought pleasure. It is then necessary to learn to distinguish such as may be used with safety. We trample under foot some species that might be placed on our tables with impunity, whilst we  
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use those that are eminently pernicious. It might be better not to eat them at all, but no morality preaching absolute privation is attended to. Why should we be denied a delicious dish, which by a little attention becomes perfectly innocent?

Mushrooms have proved fatal to some illustrious personages. The emperor Claudius, pope Clement VII. Charles VI. the widow of the czar Alexis, the wife and children of Euripides, died in consequence of eating them. Vinegar is the surest corrective of the poisonous principle in the mushroom. The danger is often occasioned by a multitude of insects lodged in the capsule, which are destroyed by the operation of the acid. In the environs of Paris are reckoned sixteen hundred species of plants, and almost six thousand species of flies; there are also a hundred-and-four species of mushrooms; they are not moistened by the abundant rains of heaven; under their parasol leaves they receive not a drop.

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CHAP. CCXV.

FIFTH OF JANUARY, 1757.

THE death of a monarch is an event in the universe. To strike a king is to assassinate a nation, since the hand which fells him causes a revolution in the political government. The as-

sassination of a crowned head precipitates into the tomb an immense number of human beings. To attempt the life of him who sways the throne is to shake the kingdom of which he is chief. It is then the worst of crimes to attack the sacred person of the prince; the king and state are intimately connected; and how is the void to be repaired which is occasioned by the death of a sovereign? Who can now calculate the misfortunes produced by the fatal knife, which pierced the bosom of Henry IV.? At the moment that Sully was about to consummate the work, whose object was the greatness of France, the hand of Ravaiillac, the frenzy of a desperate wretch, destroyed the fair prospect of felicity, changed the system of the kingdom, and with it the face of Europe. When the life of Louis XV. was attempted, the nature of the crime exacted the most profound researches, suspicion became conviction, words light as air were weighed; every thing assumed the aspect of serious importance. This single crime of treason to the first magistrate seemed to have involved all the citizens in guilt; a crowd of people were arrested, and the least word ceased to be indifferent. It is scarcely possible to conceive how an assassin of this nature should exist, What would he hope or expect? he had no means to elude the torments before his eyes. The precautions taken to prevent the regicide from escaping justice were extreme: an ingenious bed  
was

was contrived to preclude all attempts on his life; physicians had to answer for his existence; he was become a precious being, and the motions of his head and eyes were counted; his rising, his retiring to rest, his taking his seat, were affairs of importance.

This regicide amused himself with the multiplied cares of which he was the object; he saw around his bed a crowd of distinguished personages, who approached him with a timid sort of circumspection, and from raising his hand against a monarch was treated like a monarch in chains. Every one was curious to view the regicide on the bed on which he was placed. A young surgeon gliding in to steal a glance at this king-killer, Damien remarked it, and said, "Let him be arrested." The young surgeon was arrested. Damien pretended he wished only to frighten him for the punishment of his curiosity; but such was the impression of fear excited in the breast of this young man, that he expired under it. The kind of punishment to be inflicted on the criminal was at length decided. The judges renewed the arrêt pronounced against Ravailac. Curiosity made the whole nation eager to contemplate the unparalleled tortures of that day. Women, forgetting the sensibility of their sex, with perspective telescopes in their hands, wore in their aspects the look of hangmen and the stings of punishment. Pity and commiseration were banished from the spot where



where the criminal expiated his crime by the longest and most cruel torments, such as posterity will shudder but to read the recital of. It will one day be difficult to conciliate it with our manners or our philosophy; but it was ordained by the antient laws, that the same torments should be renewed, and the parliament departed not from the arrêt pronounced in 1610. An Italian named Balbany, a most able mechanic, presented himself during the trial of Ravaillac to the avocat-general, offering to torture the culprit without breaking his limbs, so as to force from him by gradations of pain the secret of his accomplices. The avocat-general reported it to the parliament, which was about to give its concurrence, when an opposition arose on the part of the court of the Louvre. It is said, that inventors of new torture presented themselves also for the interrogation of Damien. Duclos, in character of historiographer of France, asked permission to be present at the examination of Damien, which, after some consideration, was granted; but as his dress would have ill accorded with that of the judges, the academician arrayed himself in a black gown and long perruque, and in this manner saw and heard the regicide.

CHAP. CCXVI.

VENESECTION.

**F**ORMERLY venesection occupied a conspicuous place in the healing art; at the least indisposition the surgeon drew his pitiless lancet; there was no practitioner who did not bleed copiously; it was in effect deemed a necessary preliminary, whatever might be the malady. At present venesection is less practised; it is only a few anti-diluvian surgeons who subject the lower order of people to this evacuation. Our modern physicians are as anxious to preserve the blood, as their predecessors were to lavish it away; but venesection has created a distinction between a skilful and ordinary operator. Facility, gracefulness, and promptitude have bestowed reputation on the man who could open a vein; the arm of a dutchess must submit to the incision when the lancet is in vogue. To bleed an ox, a fish-woman, and a marchioness, are three distinct operations; the two former are easily confounded; but in a finely rounded arm the vein must be seized with the lightest touch.

In the decline of life, Louis XIV. was accustomed to lose blood every month; a young surgeon, who had gained some reputation at Paris by his adroitness at venesection, imagined his fortune would be made if he could only attain  
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to the envied dignity of opening a vein for his majesty. Having then procured an introduction to Daquin, at that time first physician, he communicated his wishes, adding, that if by his means he might obtain them, there were ten thousand crowns in the hands of a notary at his service. Daquin was fired with the thoughts of getting them into his possession; but the important point was not easily to be accomplished, as Marechale, the first surgeon, rarely quitted his majesty. However he failed not to encourage his new friend's hopes, advising him to keep in readiness by settling at Versailles, advice which the surgeon hesitated not to follow. One day that Marechale had asked for a holiday of two or three days, in order to go to his country seat at Bievre, Daquin, conceiving the moment too favourable to be lost, on feeling the king's pulse as usual, affected no small degree of terror, and after pronouncing venesection absolutely necessary, declared there was no time to lose. The king submitted not without some repugnance, his long accustomed Marechale being absent; but at length every obstacle yielded to fear, Daquin proposing his young surgeon as one of the most skilful operators in the kingdom; he was sent for, the bleeding performed, and the ten thousand crowns transferred from the notary to Daquin's purse. Meanwhile Marechale, to whom a courier had been dispatched, returned, not a little surprised to find the king bled, and without

without a symptom of indisposition, a circumstance on which he could not but ruminate. As the young surgeon could expect only a few louis for his skill, and began to perceive he had committed a *trifling* error of calculation, Marechale by dint of perseverance came at length to the bottom of the whole story, of which, as he was the enemy of Daquin, he immediately apprised his majesty. The king kindled into fury, ordered Daquin to be arrested, and resigned the whole affair to the council of state. Every voice was for death; Daquin had trafficked in *royal blood*. At length the king, somewhat appeased, granted him life on condition of resigning his office, and retiring to Quimper Corentin. This, however, restored not his money to the young surgeon, who had purchased the honour of once bleeding Louis XIV. with 28,000 livres.

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## CHAP. CCXVII.

## YOUNG SURGEONS.

THE first year of practice the young surgeon is feeling and compassionate, and mingles consolation with his terrible though necessary functions; the second year he is still commiserative, he still speaks, still consoles, but less affectionately; the third year he operates in silence; but

but frequently in the fifth he reprimands with asperity the ill-fated sufferer who utters a groan of agony. He forgets the tenderness he had himself manifested, and even condemns it in the young pupil, who softens at the distresses of his fellow-creature; and it is thus the heart hardens by habitude. What has been said of the young surgeon may be applied to the young magistrate, the young priest, and the majority of men to whom the fate of their brethren is confided; habit triumphs over nature, over feelings the most sacred. What a difference appears in a town and country funeral! The humble pastor, who is rarely called on to perform the funeral rites, acquits himself with a decency, a sensibility of deportment rarely betrayed by the curés of our large parishes. Dead bodies are necessary to young surgeons. As a corpse costs however a louis d'or, four of them take a fiacre, and repair to a cemetery to steal one; one engages the dog that guards the dead, another descends by a ladder into the fossé, the third, who is on horseback close to the wall, throws the corpse to the fourth, by whom it is wrapped up and conveyed to the fiacre. He who thought to repose on his bier in peace is torn from his sepulchre, and transported by these votaries of anatomy into a garret; he is there dissected by the apprentices, and to conceal their depredations the bones are consumed. Sometimes seven or eight anatomists are convened in a narrow chamber, exercising in  
a hideous

a hideous manner their untried scalpellum. Pestilential miasmata exhale from the corpse, and not a year passes in which this unfeeling temerity costs not many their lives. How happens it, that no place has been assigned these students, to preserve them from the double peril of insulting the civil laws, and of imbibing exhalations inimical to life? Anatomy becomes a passion; the young surgeon eats, drinks, sleeps close to the corpse he has torn from the earth, forgetting it was once animated by celestial fire. Antient philosophers called man a miniature world. This denomination could have been made only after the examination of the astonishing machine which bears the stamp of the great master its creator. Man is so admirable a compound, even abstracted from his intellectual faculties, that at sight of so many different springs and combinations we may compare him to the totality of the works of creation.

One evening, as some young surgeons were retiring to rest, they heard the clashing of swords, and on approaching the spot perceived two grenadiers fighting; one of them receiving a stroke of the sword, fell, the other run away. The surgeons hastily seizing their prey, picked up the grenadier, felt his pulse, which had ceased, and placing him on their shoulders, exclaimed, "Ah! here's a noble subject." The wounded man reviving, exclaimed, "Ah! gentlemen rascals, who are so willing to dissect me, go, I will denounce you—

I am not dead!" At these words the surgeons placed him on a stone. "Pardon us, Mr. Grenadier, we believed you dead; denounce us not, and we will cure you." "With all my heart," answered the grenadier, "I consent to go with you." The surgeons replaced the grenadier on their shoulders, and according to promise completed his cure; so the noble subject was not dissected.

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## CHAP. CCXVIII.

### CONFLAGRATION.

A FIRE breaks out in one of the quarters of the city. A woman exclaims in despair, "My children, my children." A man, whose destiny is cast among the multitude, answers, "Where are they?" "On the other side that door." This nameless man rushes through the fire, perceives a door, bursts it open, finds two children nearly suffocated, seizes them in his arms, again crosses the flames, and restores them to their mother. Who performs this noble action? A nobody, a man of the people. And does pride forbid us to celebrate it?

Assistance in cases of fire is ready, and frequently well directed, but there exists a great abuse, which ought to be suppressed. The watch conceive themselves authorized to interrupt all who pass, they play the press-gang of England, and

and make their diversion of misfortune ; these fusileers pursue all they meet, they even fail in respect to freemen, whose respectability and age announce magisterial functions. Surely an invalid, a man of business, an old man, are not designed to fall under the command of this watch, which, though instituted for public security, seizes this moment to offer insult with impunity ; nothing can be more indecent, nothing is more criminal than such outrage on the public. The exertions made to extinguish the flames should be voluntary, in order to be efficacious ; to drag by force men whose health and occupations so ill admit of effort, is an unpardonable violation of decency and order. This mandate, at once so senseless and brutal, commonly given by a petty, ignorant, unfeeling leader, always revolted me. My indignation once, indeed, nearly involved me in an action which might have fatally determined the complexion of my whole remaining life. I was two-and-twenty, dressed in a black robe, with my long hair flowing on my shoulders. I was compelled to take a station by a trough of water, the soldiers of the watch diverting themselves at the buckets of water which ran down my hair, and at my passion, which was vented in an harangue they neither heard nor understood. Exasperated beyond endurance, I collared the serjeant, and soon mastered him ; a bayonet, which I had snatched on disengaging myself, intimidated his comrade, and I escaped through  
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the file, which opened before me: thus by an unfortunate blow at one of these bunglers might I have poisoned the happiness of my existence. The serjeant, whom I had thrown down, was wounded, and I suffered from the effects of the conflict two years.

According to the description of the edifice which is in flames is the interest of the people excited. It is however obvious, that the address rather than the number of the assistants arrests danger, why then should a whole city be disturbed when a few pumpers are sufficient. During the conflagration of the opera house, that lofty flame which in the middle of the night swept the heavens, (to use an expression of Virgil) those sparkling clouds of so varied hue, those crimson reflections illuminating the towers and spires of the city, were visible at the distance of some leagues. The inhabitants of the country contemplated it with awe, but on hearing it was a theatre, testified little concern, and even shewed some inclination to smile. The cultivators of the earth have no intercourse with the heroes and shepherds of the opera, and the vulgar have modes of observation peculiar to themselves.

## CHAP. CCXIX.

## THE MARECHAUSSEES, OR PATROLE.

**I** NEVER meet a cavalier of the Maréchaussé without paying him the tribute of a bow. I regard him as the soldier armed for my personal safety, intimidating banditti, warring with the abandoned, protecting my life in all my various excursions taken with a view to the productions of my Picture of France. Armies are destined to maintain the glory of the crown, or rather of the nation; but the age of conquest and invasion is past. Never will the English attack me on the road to Bourdeaux; never will Reitres or Lansquenets assassinate me on the road to Flanders. Peaceable citizens, philosophical travellers, tradesmen, husbands and their wives, lovers and their mistresses, all in short who are unarmed, require the protection of this troop, this watchful guardian, whose eye never closes, and whose bravery constantly exercised averts the danger of poignards and pistols.

This is a most valuable branch of the constable's jurisdiction. It is to the Marechaussé that we owe the power of the laws, for all judgments, all sentences would be nugatory but for their execution, and the malefactor would learn to brave the magistrate. A cavalier of the Maréchaussé  
by

by his active presence prevents more crimes than the whole criminal code. The ruffian perceives him with terror; the good order of tribunals is preserved by the functions of the Maréchaussé, which embraces at once the discovery and the apprehension of the offender. As however this troop is armed, as it is perpetually invested with the ensigns of terror and vengeance, it is absolutely necessary that the utmost prudence and circumspection should preside over its councils. It should be careful not to molest an individual, not to pass the limits of its mission, by which the cultivator might be oppressed by the power originally destined to its defence. It is too common to call a popular murmur against the Maréchaussé revolt. The brigadiers should be cautious how they use, or even draw their sabres, for by this alone is public discontent frequently excited. It too often happens that the cavaliers of the Maréchaussé betray something like contempt for the bourgeois, and an overweening pride in themselves; uplifted by carrying arms, they are flushed with insolence; but they would do well to remember that by their tribunal they are recommended the strictest moderation. That tribunal is too wise not to apprize the Maréchaussé, that so long as they see neither tumult nor disorder, their part should be silent and passive. Evil seems inseparable from good. These cavaliers, from ill-humour or pride, take upon them to disturb the innocent pleasures of  
of

of the people; so far do they extend their mission as to wish to regulate the police in the presence of the magistrates, and sometimes, by a culpable act of indiscretion, provoke the populace assembled for a festival to violence and insurrection. The tribunal of *maréchals* of France punishes every act of rebellion towards the *Maréchaussé*. The penalty, though commonly inevitable, is moderate. It would not be difficult to inspire the community with respect for the *Maréchaussé*, who are already half regarded as the upholders of order and tranquillity. Nothing can be more grateful to me, than to see these peace soldiers earnestly engaged in calming some popular assembly at a fair or public festival. I have been delighted to observe their solicitude for the prevention of misdemeanors, when they have accommodated the dispute by some turn of pleasantry, which, conformably to the genius of the nation, brought back the tide of universal joy. When enlightened people shall have renounced that extravagant and useless fury called war, when they shall have recognised the madness of exposing to cannon balls those beings compounded of bones, flesh and blood, and sensitive fibres, they will yet retain among them these protectors of our lives and fortunes, who frequently with risque to themselves pursue those monsters of society, whose human figure conceals the sanguinary appetites of ferocious animals. Yet must I confess I never read the

sentences of the connetable condemning labourers or husbandmen to penalties or the gallies without pain, and some suspicion that the cavaliers of the Maréchaussé have exceeded the powers, and abused the police committed to them. From the moment they enter on their functions, it should be prohibited them to erect themselves into judges in markets or fairs. The procureur fiscal, assisted by four syndics, should pronounce whether the offence amounts to arrest or not. I have seen a man of seventy-four, nearly lame, and who had been confined eight days to his bed on a regimen of broths and ptisans, committed to prison by the Maréchaussé for the crime of rebellion, simply because the Maréchaussé having entered his apartment in quest of some delinquent, the unfortunate man, whose head was disordered, asked for his fusée; and for no greater crime than this, though bereft of the use of his limbs, he was imprisoned; but notwithstanding some abuses, the tribunal of the connetable is highly respectable, and eminently useful to the public. The English are subject to attacks on their great roads, and are far from enjoying our security.

## CHAP. CCXX.

## ROYAL MANUFACTORY OF GLASSES.

**W**HEN a courtesan, in order to multiply her attractions, shuts herself up in a glass closet ; when a fine gentleman places himself between four mirrors to examine whether his small clothes sit close to the skin ; these beings, devoted to debauchery and supine effeminacy, little think of the sweaty brow that has moistened the polish of those glasses in which they contemplate their pretty figures. Licentiousness hardens the heart, and robs man of that capacity for sympathy which would lead him to his brethren. How incalculable are the sighs breathed over those splendid mirrors which embellish our habitations ! Follow me to the workshop, where man is doomed to toils to which no tyrant would have sentenced him. The workshop will surprise you by its extent, by the multiplicity of wheels and stones, which more than four hundred workmen, ranged in parallel lines, whirl round and round in order to smooth the glass. We cannot withhold admiration from the symmetry and order everywhere conspicuous ; but soon the sound of the wheels, the violent efforts, the terrible distortions of the artisan, who, pausing and panting, is completely exhausted by his exertions in giving lustre and transparency to a

mass of vitrified sand, awaken commiseration in the most callous breast. More than one spectator feels his eyes full of tears at the sight of this infernal toil, and of the misery attached to it by fatal necessity with her diamond smiles. The operation of straining the glass is performed at St. Gobain, in Picardy, whence it is conveyed to Paris by water. It is then dull, rough, and uneven. The time requisite for polishing a glass is determined by its volume; the smallest demand three days at least. This glass manufactory furnishes the largest mirrors known; some of them are even a hundred and twenty inches in height. What anguish does it not cost to produce that lustre, neatness, and beautiful watery hue so flattering to the eye! Happy the Moors, who have no words to express mirrors and glasses, because they make no use of them. If they are denied the satisfaction of contemplating their faces, they are also exempted from those rude unwholesome operations which among us exhaust numbers of men, and even women, of every age. The air of the workshops cannot be renewed lest the putty should be corroded, and spots left on the glass, which it might be difficult to efface. It may not be improper to speak of the danger incurred by the artisan, whose business it is to fix the tin-plate. During the whole interval he must hold his breath, lest the mercury should insinuate itself through every natural channel of the body. To counteract its effects he is obliged

obliged to wash his hands, eyes, and mouth with fresh water, and to respire through his nostrils. In defiance of these precautions all his limbs are in a continual state of palpitation. The square stones in the floor of the workshops are corroded by the mercury; judge of its impression on the body. Effeminate men, admire your own persons, and smile at your own faces. This polish, which reflects your graces, is made under the arm of hard-fed labour and groaning poverty. Instead of your own aspects, imagine you behold in these glasses the wan, famished, revolting looks of the wretched artisan; observe his lean bare arm, his haggard forehead wet with the sweat drawn from his impoverished blood. Such is the work of thy luxury, thou paltry devourer of the human race! Infamous libertines! who can reproduce scenes of debauchery before those pure glasses. If by miracle they could preserve the image of your excesses, and not only reveal but eternize your shame, ye would shrink from the reflection of yourselves, and no longer dare to steal a glance from the mirror; think then of the poor wretches by whose labours they have been polished, and images of charity, decency, and virtue will arise in your souls. In the heat of spring strangers cannot remain in the workshop above a quarter of an hour; a cold infectious dense vapour threatens them with suffocation, and they retreat with a handkerchief at their nose from these impure sewers, the air of which  
is



is so rare, that one might fancy oneself under the mouth of the pneumatic machine. A robust man at his entrance into the manufactory may earn three livres per diem; but in less than six months he loses half his strength, and his health gradually declines, no less from the nature of the toil, which breaks the spring of life, than from the insalubrity of the air he breathes. When the workman has the misfortune to break a glass, the fragments are squared, and the surplus of its value deducted from his wages. Merciless calculation of those who extract riches on riches from the sighs and groans of penury! Scarcely a month or week passes in which some man is not wounded by some accident.

The diamond is used in squaring the glasses, an operation which requires no small degree of dexterity. Independent of St. Gobain, the rapacious manufacture possesses two establishments, one at Cherbourg, the other at Tourbeville, which strip the neighbouring forests of wood. I do not mention the sloping of glass, because it is scarcely possible to witness this operation without having one's ears deafened by noise. The artisan treads a steel rondeau, on which he lays fine sand and emery, in order to unite its edges. This establishment enjoys an exclusive privilege, it vaunts its millions, for one speaks now of glasses to the amount of fifty thousand crowns to furnish a chateau as a thing of course. In a little while the  
bondoir

boudoir of the cloth *merchantess* will be of glass. Where are not glasses introduced? they are in alcoves, stair-cases, wardrobes, &c. Ye, who are innocent, contemplate yourselves in the crystal of the fountains, read not this chapter, and for ever forget my book.

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## CHAP. CCXXI.

### NECKLACE.

I AM going, my dear reader, to speak to you of a necklace, a diamond necklace! but let us proceed in order, let us begin with the first use of diamonds in France. Till the time of Charles VII. no woman wore them. Agnes Sorel, that monarch's mistress, was the first who had a diamond necklace. It is of this necklace that I would speak; its stones were rough and coarsely mounted, and so unpleasant was the necklace to the lovely Agnes, that she called it the *careau*, intimating that this ornament was to her a punishment; but the king having expressed pleasure at seeing her thus adorned, she continued to wear the inconvenient jewel, saying, it was right to suffer for the sake of those we loved. In a short time the court ladies imitated the favourite; and the love of novelty procured patronesses to diamond necklaces. After this period taste varied at different eras; pearls were the most esteemed

teemed ornaments of Catherine de Medicis and Diana de Poitiers. Mary Stuart, queen of Scots, wife of the dauphin, afterwards Francis II. brought with her some superb diamonds; the princesses of her court resumed the fashion of wearing them; but when this princess left France pearls regained their empire. At the coronation of Mary de Medicis, wife of Henry IV. the habits of the ladies in her train were adorned with pearls, which were also worn in rows in the hair, which floated in ringlets on the shoulders. Under Cardinal Richelieu, the fashion, like the monarch, the court, and all the rest, remained in slavery; but under Louis XIV. diamonds once more regained their sway, and by means of the public exhibitions, the splendid fêtes given by the king stimulating the vanity of the actresses who performed at them, they scattered over their dresses artificial jewels, which produced on the stage the best effect. Ladies of elevated rank adopted this style of ornament as distinctive, and they wore not only earrings, necklaces, aigrettes, and bracelets, but even stomachers of diamonds, which were placed in front of the body of their gowns; the queen even wore them in her girdle, in the epaulettes of her gown, and the clasp of her mantua. By degrees this article was extended to other forms of embellishment, and we have now bouquets, trimmings, hat-buttons, pins, watches, snuff-boxes, sword knots even in diamonds. The revolution which should banish this  
ruinous

ruinous taste for a more simple and less costly apparel would be truly philosophical. Where is the luxury more cruel or absurd than that of diamonds? It offends my sight, it wounds my soul to see them on a man. A man tricked out in jewels excites my strongest antipathy!

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## CHAP. CCXXII.

### THE ACCOUCHEE.

**L**ET us figure to ourselves a woman of fashion reclining on a sofa, with her head almost buried in pillows of down, drest in the finest linen, artfully painted, with a profusion of ribands and lace; every thing is disposed to create admiration.

An attendant is seated at the door, who says to those who come to pay their compliments, "You have no perfume about you, have you?" The woman of quality in passing by will answer, "Oh dear, no indeed not I;" and on entering the chamber breathes an atmosphere of fragrance.

They say the lying-in lady must not be spoken to; but the interest every one takes in the pains she has suffered makes them assure her that their concern and regard have kept them awake the whole night.

This compliment is paid by every one as she comes in; and after they have applauded the resolution

solution of the lady in the straw, they praise the elegance of her lace, and the taste it is put on with. Every instant they say, speak softly, and she who gives the advice is the first to be loud and vehement.

Formerly the men were not admitted, but now they are; she receives from them the tenderest assiduities, and compliments on her complexion, her languor rendering her still more delicate; but when the husband makes his appearance, he smiles indeed, but in so strange a manner, and has altogether so particular an air, that notwithstanding all the assumed behaviour of his lady, he knows not how to bear the look of the company, and presently retires.

Every time the lying-in lady puts her hand to her forehead some one takes leave, and hurries away to catch a bit of the opera, where she complains to her acquaintance that she is the victim to complaisance.

But the ladies of Paris are wanting in the grand duty of a mother, that of suckling their infants; once they did it, but it was but a fashion, and soon grew into disrepute; and indeed the life of a Parisian lady will ever militate against this sacred duty; and I have even remarked, that no one even speaks of the new-born infant to either father or mother.

If a lady is well enough to get up at the end of twelve days, she must not appear until the end of  
three

three weeks; until that time has elapsed fashion has established it as a rule that she must be found by every one who pays a visit reclining on her sofa, instead of enjoying the influence of a mild air.

Even a man on his death bed must not be left to depart in peace, fashion carries all his acquaintance to him in crowds.

He is surrounded with relations, friends, and acquaintances, even in the crisis of a fever, although, perhaps, he can hardly bear the fatigue of having administered to him the last holy rites of the church.

Those who do not pay the visit in person, send at least twice a day to make inquiries, and particularly desire to know the name of the physician; and the people of fashion will generally guess pretty exactly how long a dutchess will hold it out under the management of such or such a physician. Some of his patients the doctor infallibly dispatches in a short time, and even his coachman knows that at the end of seven or eight days he will not have occasion to stop at such a house; he even inquires into the nature of the disorder, shakes his head, and foretels the event.

## CHAP. CCXXIII.

## THE BACCHANTS.

**T**HOSE women who have acquired this appellation affect singularity in their head dresses, and the ornaments of their person, and this is carried even into their deportment and their conversation; indeed the particular mode of dressing the head especially, is only made use of for the gaming table, where the passions are strongly actuated, and the losing female gamester will lift up her fine eyes to heaven in despair, and rush out of the room, uttering perhaps some imprecation quite analogous to her appearance and dress.

A bacchant has the stride of a dragoon, and affects the manners of a man, speaks abruptly to whomever she meets, and in an authoritative manner to the men, eats greedily at table, and drinks not a little wine; in a word, any gentleman who had lived retired at his chateau for twenty years past, was he now to come to Paris, and be in company with one of these bacchants, would ask the person who sate next to him, in a whisper, "Pray in what comedy is the part which Madame is rehearsing?" This is surely a singular species of folly.

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It is indeed diverting enough; however it has not become universal. The men now chiefly drink water, affecting the greatest moderation in their mode of living and conversation. The women have taken it into their heads to adopt the manly and boisterous character; one would almost imagine they were celebrating the abolition of the Salique law.

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